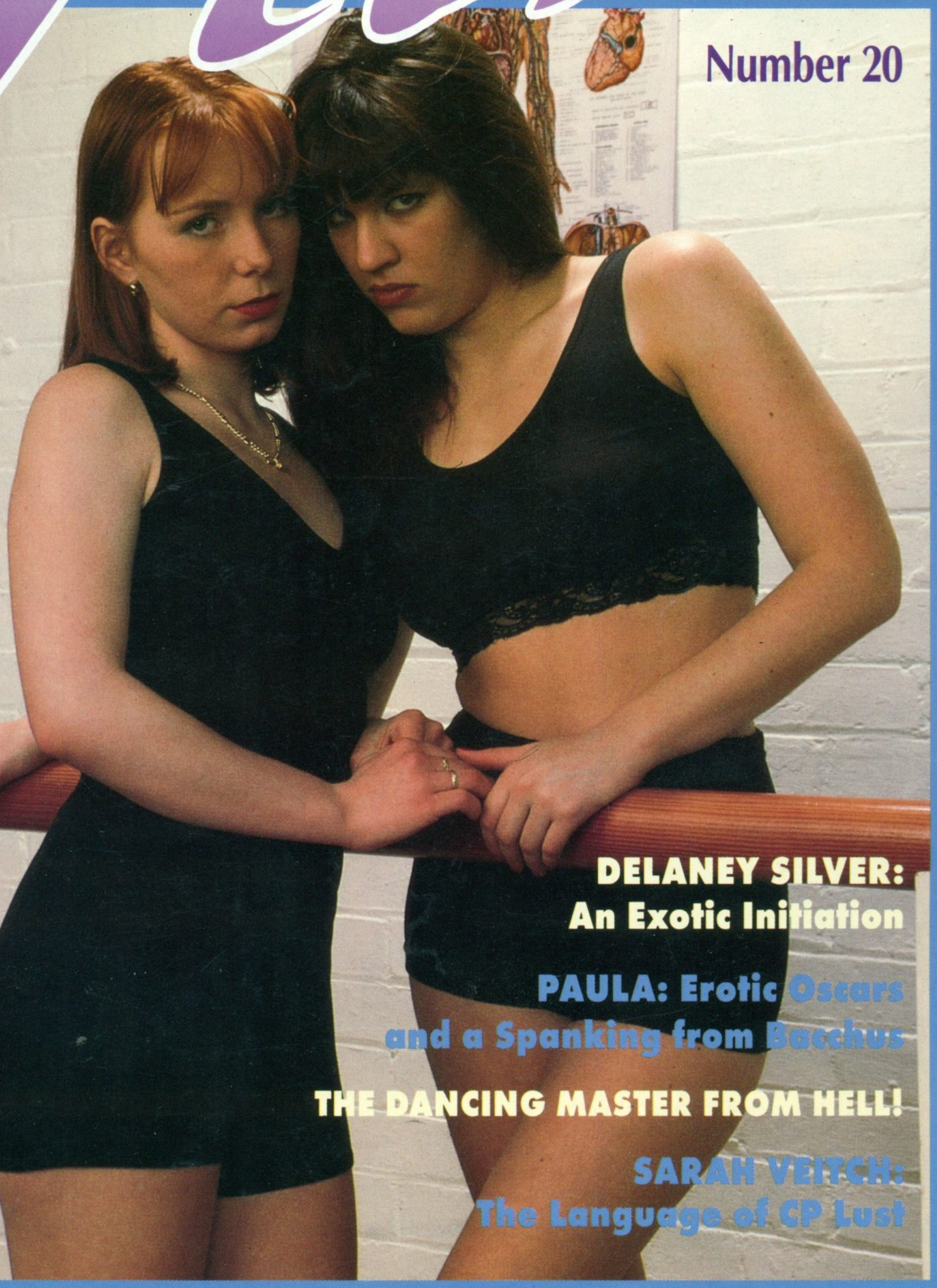
From the Publishers of JANUS

Feline

Number 20



DELANEY SILVER:
An Exotic Initiation

PAULA: Erotic Oscars and a Spanking from Bacchus

THE DANCING MASTER FROM HELL!

SARAH VEITCH:
The Language of CP Lust

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Februs 20

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TRADE ENQUIRIES
Wholesale and retail trade enquiries for FEBRUS are welcomed and should be addressed to: Pale Horse Ltd, 40 Old Compton Street, London W1V 5PB.
Telephone: 0171 437 1741
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The Manners of a DANCING MASTER

A Photo Story by Julie Holmes

'Did you manage to find out anything about this "Kim"? The brunette was casual, with the off-hand, confident air of one who is aware of her natural good looks and talents and can afford to take them for granted. Her companion, no less attractive in her own posh blonde way, but a little in awe of her friend, was just as relaxed.

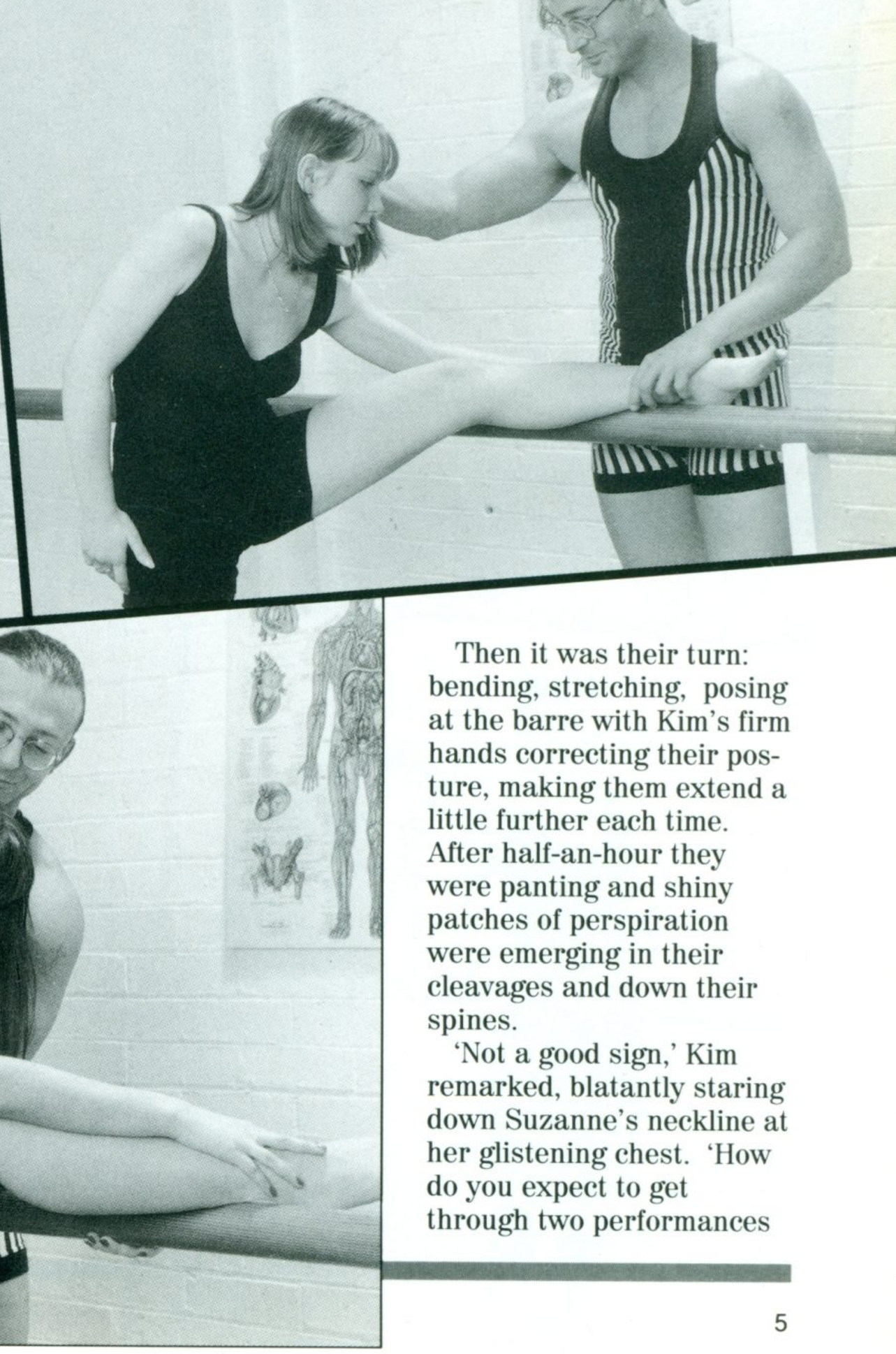
'No. I've heard she gets great results, sometimes after just one class. We'd better put in the effort, you know: Max will fire us if we don't perk up a bit. It's not as though there aren't hordes of dance-school graduates just waiting to take our places.'

'Like us two years ago you mean?' Gemma Marks smiled ruefully. Where did all that dedication, eagerness - their vocation - go? Just a couple of years ago they would have lied, cheated, maybe killed for the opportunity they had been given. Now it was no more exciting than working in the local library or canning factory. The talent was still there, but not the drive, and in their business, ambition was all. 'Well, Kim must be good or Max wouldn't be forking out for us to get the extra tuition: he's hardly known for his philanthropic tendencies.'

Kim was a surprise to them both: tall, muscular, with clothes a little eccentric, but suiting his undoubtedly masculine body. The girls exchanged surprised glances, but said nothing: it was easy to forget that Kim could be a man's name.

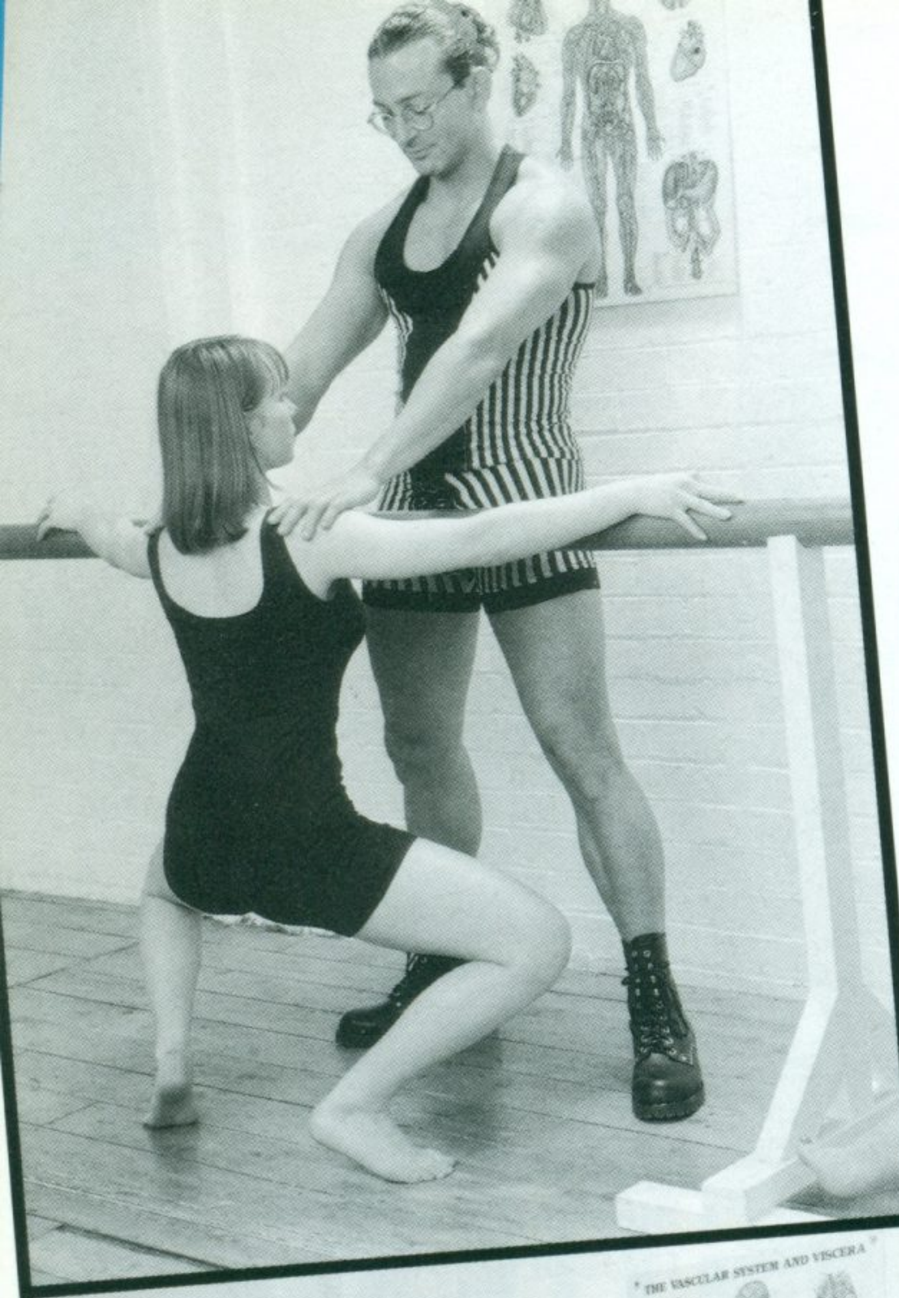
'Max says you need toning up,' he proclaimed without preamble. 'Get changed and let's see if he's right. Just leotards: we'll build up slowly so I can observe your muscle tone.'

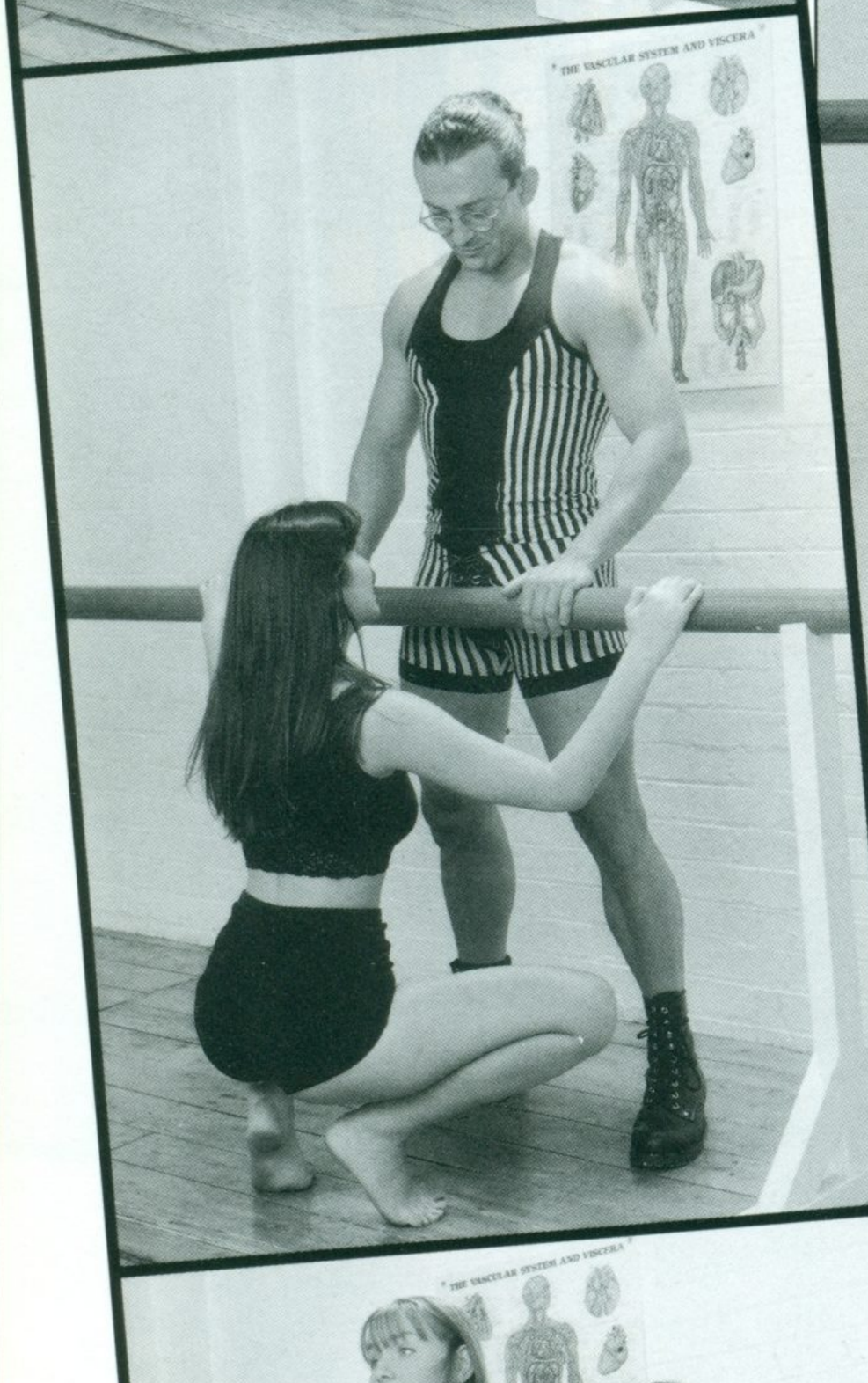
Within ten minutes Gemma and Suzanne were in their practice clothes and standing at the barre watching their tutor go through his own warm up exercises. He really did look extremely fit, although not in the way associated with a traditional ballet dancer.



Then it was their turn: bending, stretching, posing at the barre with Kim's firm hands correcting their posture, making them extend a little further each time. After half-an-hour they were panting and shiny patches of perspiration were emerging in their cleavages and down their spines.

'Not a good sign,' Kim remarked, blatantly staring down Suzanne's neckline at her glistening chest. 'How do you expect to get through two performances

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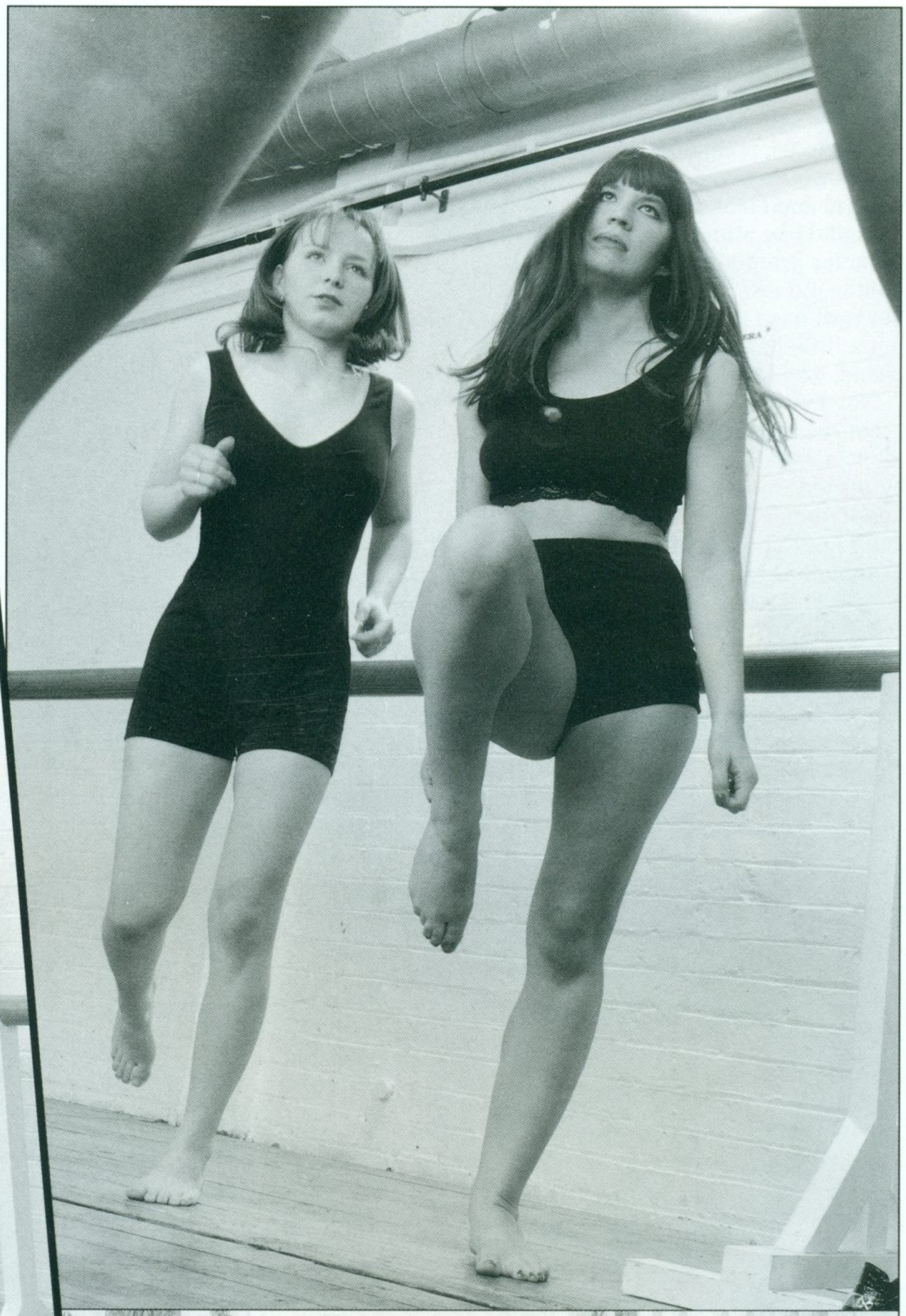

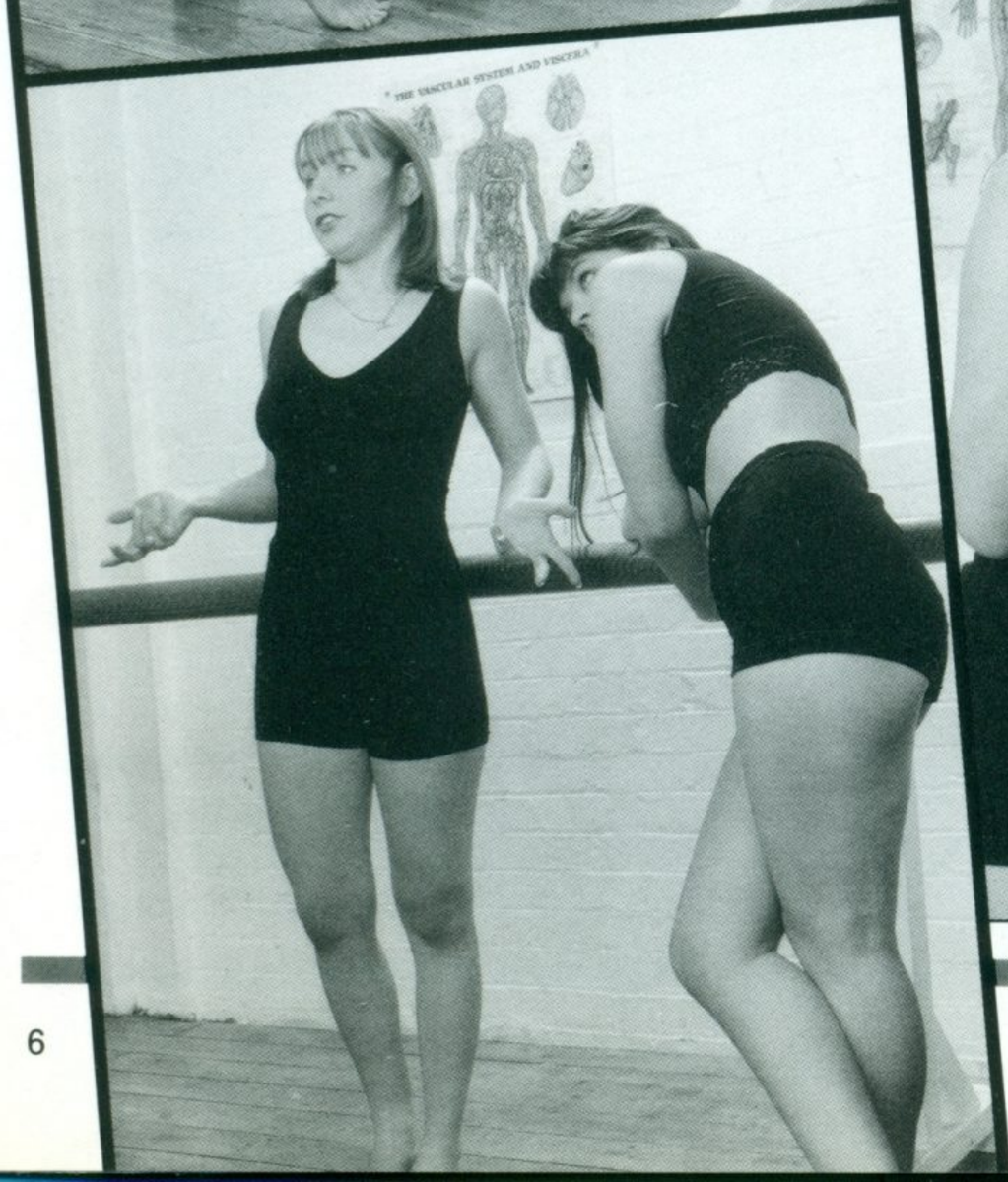
THE VASCULAR SYSTEM AND VISCERA

and a rehearsal each day in that condition? Beats me why Max took you on. Take a break and be ready to start again in ten minutes.'

As soon as he left the room, the girls lolled against the barre. 'Ciggy? We'll just have time and the air conditioning will get rid of the smell,' suggested Gemma.

'Ooh, yes,' sighed Suzanne, 'I really need one.'

The first drag was hot and hostile in their throats: the second cool and caressing. The both lingered over the sensation, then gulped hungrily a third time.

'You'd have done better to put sweaters on.' Kim's voice broke into their guilty reverie. 'Now you're going to be cold as well as out of breath. You really don't do yourselves any favours, do you?'

The girls shifted uneasily. They both knew that smoking could put a very premature end to their careers and that if they were going to pollute their bodies internally, they should have at least protected the outer layer during their brief respite. Their imaginations anticipated the cramps and aches that would follow and they both wished the cigarettes had been replaced by cardigans, leg warmers and warm drinks.

'I'll just take these; I don't anticipate your wanting another,' Kim said and confiscated all their smoking gear with a swift grab. 'I can see orthodox methods don't fix your mind on your careers, so we'll try something a little less conventional. You can start, Gemma. Let's see both hands on the barre, bending over it from the hips.'

An unusual starting position, but she could feel the muscles in her thighs being stretched and assumed this was the desired outcome. Her hair fell forward in a brown cascade, suddenly

sweeping the floor as a heavy palm lammed into her surprised rump. Suzanne watched, horrified, as Kim's hand rose four more times, impacting loudly on the lycra-clad rear of her friend. Kim glanced up at her, contempt leaping from his eyes.

'Don't worry, Suzanne, your time will come. Meantime, Gemma, get your shorts off, I want to see you benefiting from my endeavours.'

The girls' eyes locked in perplexed distress but they were too shocked to act. Reluctantly, she slipped the tight exercise pants down to her knees, unwittingly displaying her reddening nates as a warning of what was to come to Suzanne and when Kim sat and told her to fold herself over his lap she did not protest. Now the effects of his spanking were deepening visibly as time and again Kim raised his hand and struck, sometimes with his splayed fingers, sometimes it was the full weight of his broad palm. Surprise at her predicament prevented Gemma from doing anything other than buck reflexively and grunt her protest a her punishment progressed.

Suzanne finally found her voice and grabbed at Kim's shoulder. 'Stop that! You can't treat her like that, you're supposed to be a dance teacher. Leave her alone!'

Kim responded, not by releasing the hapless Gemma, but by grabbing the front of Suzanne's leotard, dragging it down over her breasts. 'Don't get jealous, Suzanne, come and join your friend.' He

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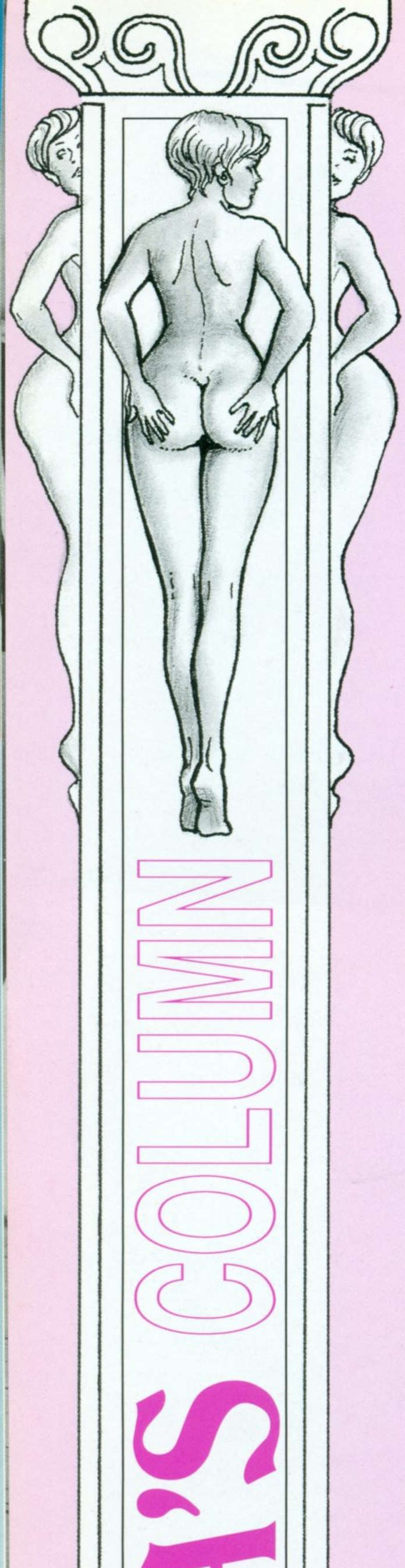


PAULA'S COLUMN

I am sitting here at my desk gazing with unalloyed pleasure at a flamboyantly coloured, deliciously obscene trophy which sits proudly on my bookcase. Let me describe it to you. From a couple of well formed testicles a large wooden penis thrusts upwards, beautifully hand carved and painted delicately in brown, pink and deep red. Large incongruous wings are attached to this wondrous image of arousal and it appears to be fluttering, about to take off, zoom out of the window and prong the nearest passer-by, except that it happens to be firmly fixed to a gold plinth which keeps it grounded.

How did I acquire this bizarre objet d'art? I will tell you.

It all started several weeks ago when I received a letter telling me I had been nominated for an Oscar in the category of Artist/Illustrator of the Year. To find out if I had won I had to turn up at the Sex Maniac's Ball, and there all would be revealed and the awards presented.

As you probably already know, this huge dionysian celebration is organised each year by the indefatigable Tuppy Owens. It's the nearest we have to the Chelsea Arts Ball of pre-war days and is quite an event. All the proceeds go to charity, the main one being Tuppy's own special Outsiders Club, helping disabled people to have a better social life and find partners.

The evening of the Ball arrived and my taxi was ordered for 10.30pm - you don't turn up at this sort of 'do' at any reasonably civilised hour. When I gave the address of the venue to the driver he looked puzzled.

'I know that road,' he said, scratching his head, 'but as far as I can remember there's nothing in it - well, certainly nowhere you'd dream of holding a party.'

However, undaunted we drove and drove until we entered the unwelcoming darkness of a desolate industrial estate.

'This is it, luv,' he announced cheerfully. I gazed out dolefully as on and on we went. Not here, surely it can't be here, I thought. Then, at long last we began to make out, dimly in the distance, several clusters of shadowy figures, flitting like bats through the car headlights; bizarre creatures, surely from other planets, laughing, excited, all gravitating towards the entrance of a large, luminous building which throbbed and vibrated with sound. A solitary oasis in the midst of this isolated wilderness.

The taxi driver gulped in disbelief.

'Follow those strange people!' I ordered with renewed confidence. Cinderella shall go to the Ball!

Inside the great cavern, every type of erotic flavour, fantasy and fetish was reflected in the costumes. The high energy of the occasion hit me powerfully, along with the high voltage music, as I walked into the main arena.

I had entered the teeming world of an Hieronymus Bosch painting: gods and goddesses, stately masters with their scantily clad slaves, dominatrices - one lady whose costume seemed to be simply her own skin!

Gradually I began to recognise friends. Unexpectedly, there was Al Goldstein, owner of the famous SCREW newspaper in New York, who had just flown over from Los Angeles that day, landing plonk in the middle of this extraordinary maelstrom of sound and sensation. We talked, we settled a little, Al's eyelids began to droop. Hardly surprising! 'My partner has never seen one of these shindigs before,' he told me, introducing me to a smartly dressed lady sitting next to him.

'I think it's great!' she enthused, 'although I'm not really properly dressed for it.'

'Nonsense,' I said. 'Your costume is the most unusual one here. This occasion makes "normality" look highly outlandish!'

Taking my leave of them both I ventured forth to explore. At the far end of the building, past all the various entertainments which would be quite beyond my capabilities to describe here, I found a quieter, cooler area housing an exhibition of all the nominated work - paintings, drawings, photographs, magazines, writing, innovations - all beautifully presented. On one of the stands I found a selection of my own work, much of it from *Februs*, and further along some exquisite photos by Trevor Watson who, I was pleased to note, had also been nominated.

'I had entered the teeming world of an Hieronymus Bosch painting: gods and goddesses, stately masters with their scantily clad slaves, dominatrices - one lady whose costume seemed to be simply her own skin!'

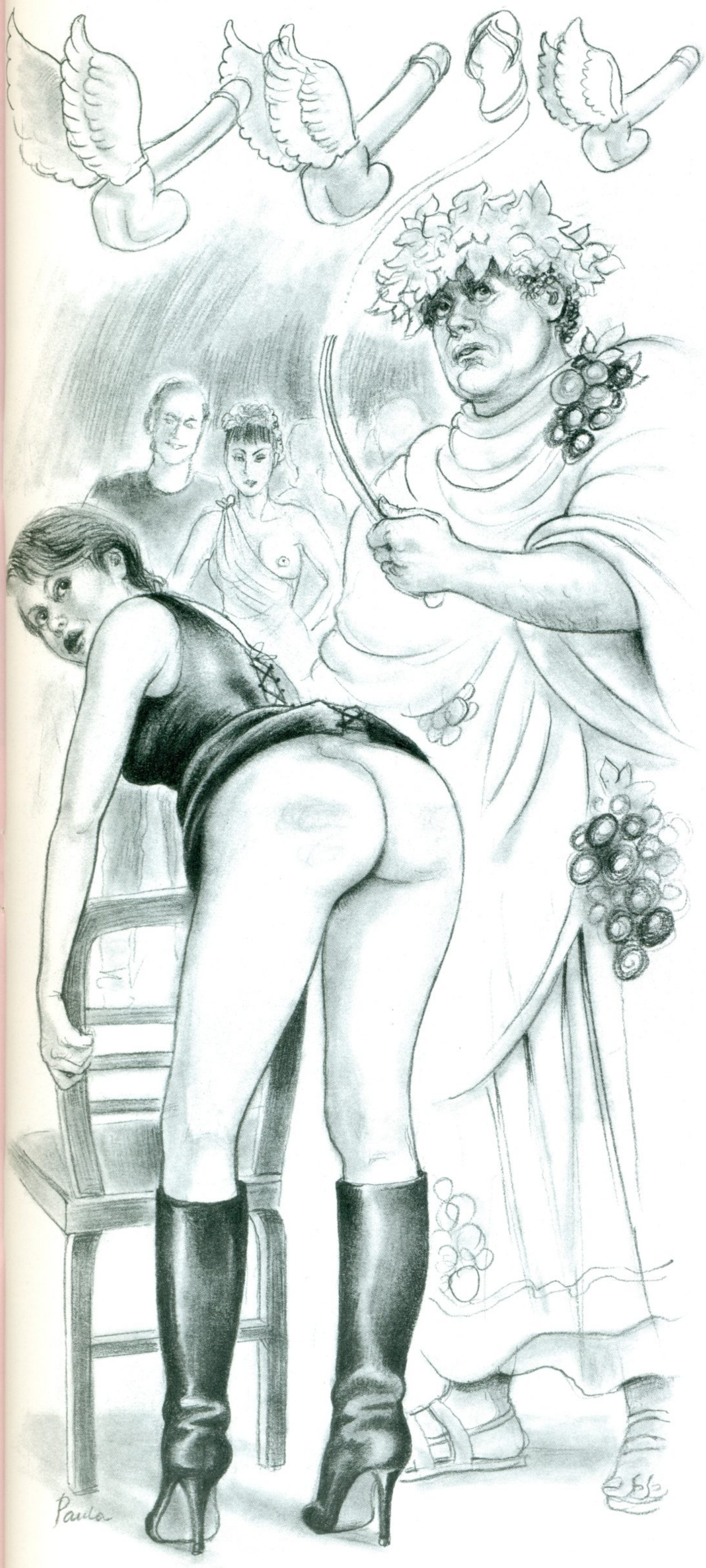
From out of the stygian darkness of the main hall a shimmering apparition glided up alongside me. Its form began to clarify: clad in long white drapes, generously bedecked with clusters of enormous grapes, his friendly visage beamed at me from under a mass of Bacchanalian garlands and Grecian curls, the whole lot lolling precariously to one side in rakish disarray.

A moment of hesitation... was it? Could it be? Yes it was!

'Will Scarlet!' I squealed. 'You're here!'

'Of course I am, Paula. Couldn't miss this opportunity. Have you been down to the spanking enclosure? No? Let me take you round. I've just met a marvellous girl whose really into it and says she'd love to be interviewed in *Februs*.'

Dear Will, I thought. How typical! Never takes his eye off the ball for a minute.



In the middle of my guided tour an announcement was made that the awards ceremony was about to commence. We left our positions at the spanking stand where a young man stood, bottom-bared, ready to be whipped by a determined young mistress. (Seems I had missed meeting Will's marvellous discovery, but never mind, we shall all meet her properly when she is interviewed in a month or two).

Will and I fought our way in to the main hall. Tuppy and the panel of judges were already waiting on stage to present the Oscars. I heard Trevor Watson's name announced as Photographer of the Year and we all applauded vigorously.* Then, to my delight, my own name was called and I manoeuvred myself towards the stage trying to look as sedate as possible in my skin tight, black shiny dress which barely covered my bottom, not to mention the fact that the laces had started to pull apart all down the back from top to hem, revealing that I was wearing nothing whatsoever underneath. Getting up the steps in my high-heeled boots was quite tricky too, but what the hell! This was the Sex Maniac's Ball, for heaven's sake, not the vicar's tea party.

So, I claimed my Oscar, said thank you to one and all, (and that means you too, dear *Februs* readers, because without your enthusiasm and support we artists can't get our work seen at all) and that is how I happen to have the aforementioned flying phallus perched upon my bookcase.

All that is left to tell you is that Will, fired by the excitement of it all, as was I of course, hurried me off into the quieter exhibition room, bent me over a chair with great ceremony and announced that in view of this special occasion, I should receive a celebratory walloping. He then produced, as if by magic from amongst the voluminous folds of his garment, his trusty friend the flip-flop on a stick, with which you must now be familiar if you read his interviews. My dress automatically slipped up over my naked bottom (it had been dying to do that all evening, but hadn't dared!) and Will started in with full force. The sound of the descending slipper reverberated from wall to wall, and my evening ended in perfect fashion with frivolous yelps and shrieks. As the swattings gathered momentum and my cheeks reddened I heard a sudden 'WOOPS!' from Will, and looking round just had time to catch sight of the little flip-flop rocketing off into the crowd of spectators, leaving our disconsolate Bacchus clutching his stick as if it were a sparkler with no sparkle.

At that moment I heard a familiar male voice nearby asking a girl friend, 'What was that?'

'It was Paula getting spanked,' replied the girl.

'Oh,' he said. 'She never changes does she!'

I should jolly well hope not too! ❑

** Footnote: Winner of Writer of the Year was Pan Pantziarka who also contributes to this magazine, under a pen name. Only the best for Februs!*

yanked her forward and to her surprise, she found his lap was big enough to accommodate them both. The was even more surprised to find the first contact on her naked bottom to be shockingly cold, although it quickly warmed and soon her whole pelvis seemed to be swelling from the heat. A swift glance back showed that, as if from thin air, Kim had produced a large man's slipper to deliver her spanking, swiftly bringing her backside to the same glowing hue as Gemma's, without causing any distress to his own hand.

He kept them thus for almost thirty minutes, dealing out harsh slaps from the leather sole until both girls sported uniformly red, throbbing behinds. 'Get those rags off and get back to the barre,' he barked. 'You first this time, Suzanne.'

Trembling, aching, Suzanne slipped the leotard over her feet and faced the barre, her hands supporting her weight.

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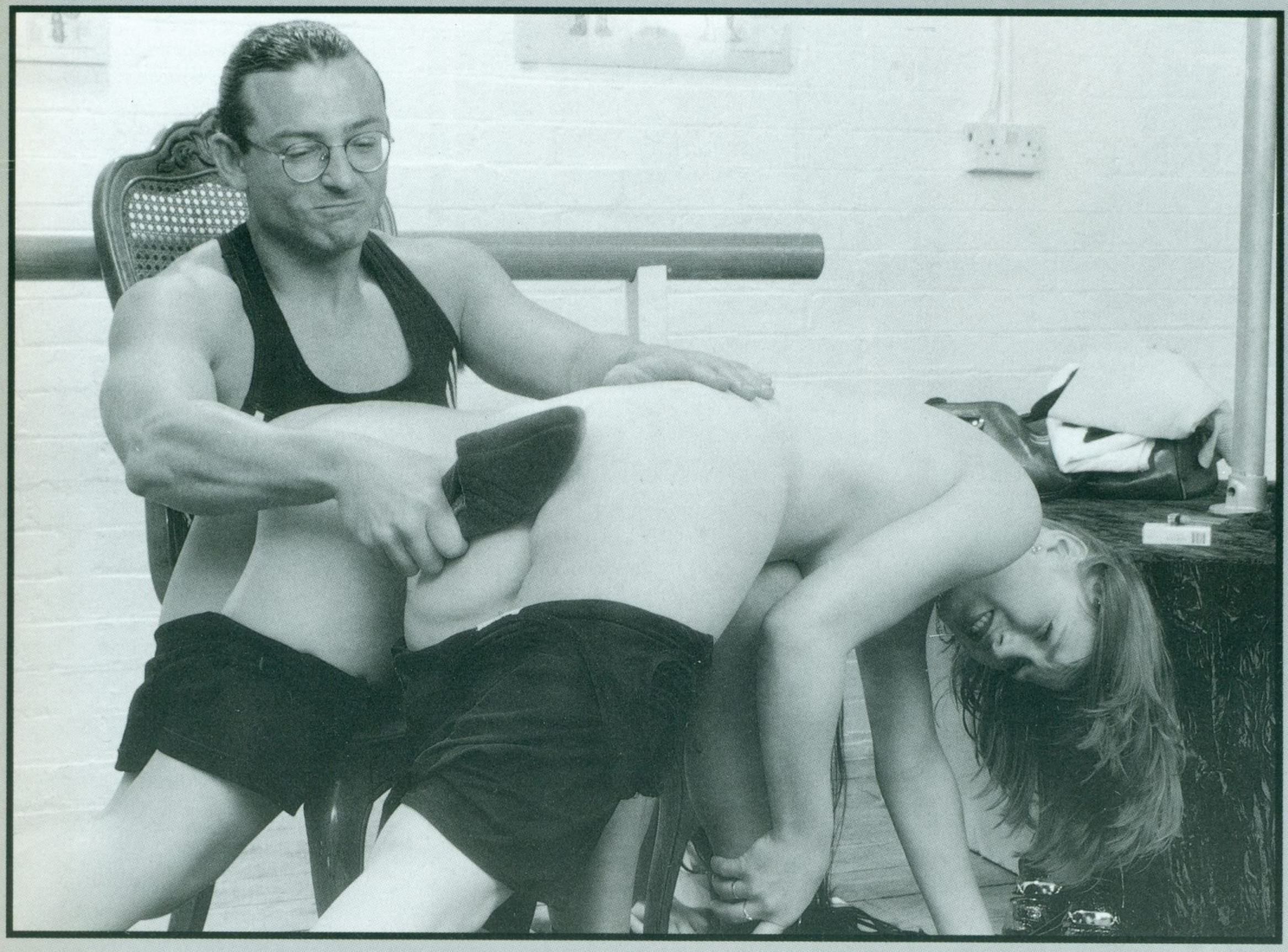
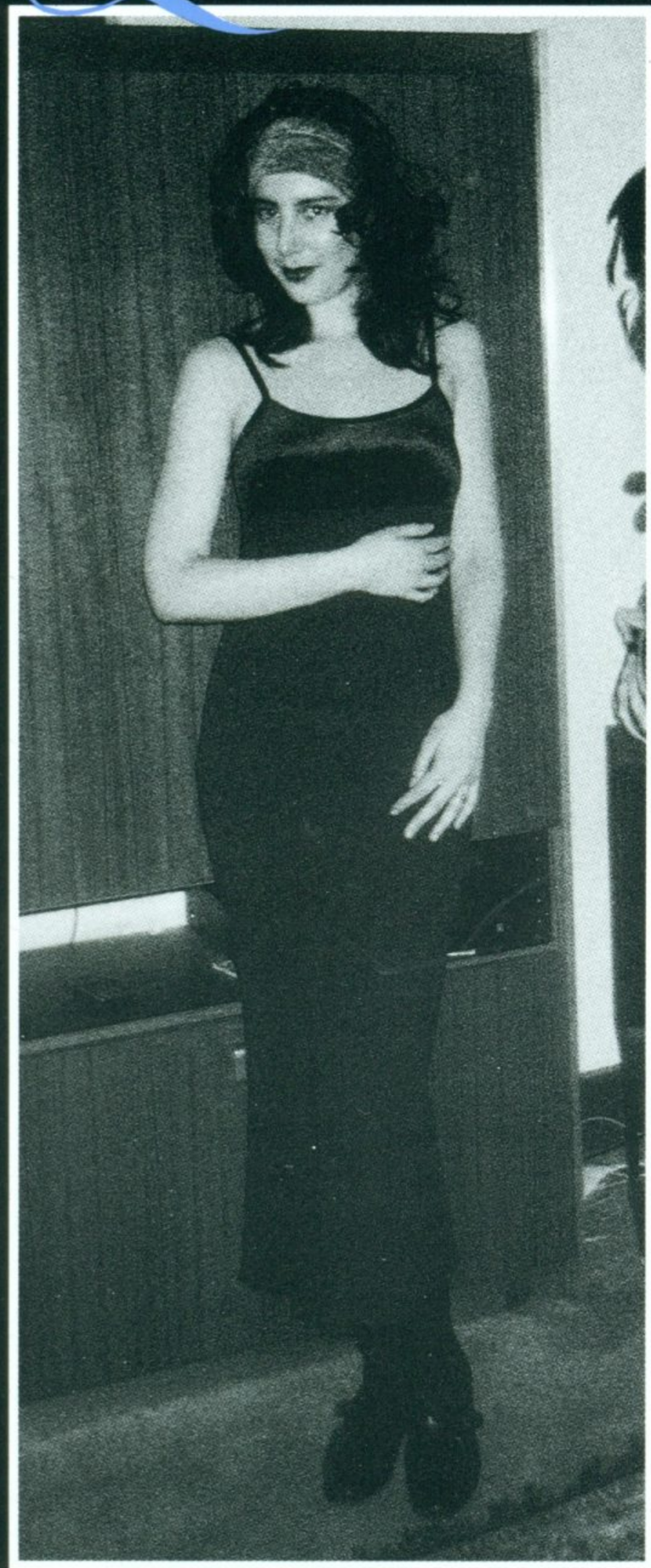


THE FEBRUS INTERVIEW

Luna - writer to writer



Well here we are, with a Will again, oh faithful readers. Shortly after New Year, our amazing Lady Editor, Paula Meadows, and her husband, honoured my humble maisonette for dinner. Paula brought me a copy of *The Janus Collection* in which she looks back over her years as illustrator and model for Janus. The book contains over a hundred of the drawings which she did during her time with that illustrious magazine.

There are also photos of Paula herself, in action!! If you haven't already ordered or bought this from your newsagent, you will of course be wanting to now. Go on! My interview will still be here when you get back.

The meal being over, the conversation turned to our mutual interest and Paula asked me whether I had met any of the other contributors to Janus or *Februs*. I had to admit I hadn't, as the world of journalism, when one works from home, can be a rather solitary one.

Will Scarlet Reporting

P Then, Will, it's high time you did.

Me Paula, I agree. I would love to meet some of the other fellows.

P Will, who said anything about fellows?

Me Ah, your lady contributors! Well, I'm sure I could find time to go and…

P She will come to you. Her name is Luna. She has seen your work, and feels that your two literary minds, combined with the activity she likes so much, might produce an interesting interview.

Me And the lady's name?

Me She writes under her own name. Luna Winter.

Me I know that name. She's made some films, hasn't she?

P Yes, and done some live revue, I believe, but mainly she writes.

❄ ❄ ❄

The appointed day dawned. Luna had asked to be met at my local Tube station. I was early, but Luna was waiting for me. My first impression was one of height. Luna is by a good four inches the tallest lady I have interviewed, and in all my career, certainly the tallest whose bottom I expected to spank. This was a lady I could certainly look up to. We finally attained my little maisonette, and ascended the stairs. Once in the dining room I was able to study her properly. I have to say, that with all the good looking women I have interviewed, not only is Luna Winter the tallest, but she is without doubt one of the most beautiful. Long rich dark hair. Slim, but beautifully proportioned. And if there were a prize for best dressed spankee she would certainly get it. A dark jacket with a matching flowing skirt, and a hat, which topped off the whole thing beautifully. Luna removed the jacket and sat at my table while I was preparing our meal, and looked through the past Will Scarlet interviews which I had laid out for her. With rather too professional an eye, I thought.

L You are very funny. Not romantic, but funny.

Me Glad you think so, I'm sure.

Luna is from Italy. She has been here since the late Eighties. Her English is excellent, but redolent with her attractive native accent. I should also say at this point that her sense of humour is perverse, and dry.

L It is very hot here. I think you have put the heating up to make me take off my clothes.

Me Ah, you've sussed me out. But I like what you're wearing.

L I'm wearing what I like to wear.

She was so beautifully dressed that I had to take some pictures of her dressed as she was. While she was. If you see what I mean! She was an excellent subject, and moved beautifully. I hope that my poor talents as a photographer will allow this to be obvious.

When this short session was over, we settled down to eat, and I began the interview.

Me Luna, apart from your interest in spanking, you have had some success as a model. What got you into modelling as such?

L I have always enjoyed my body. I like the look of it. I am an exhibitionist, I suppose. When I came to England, many people told me I looked like the singer and film star, Cher. I did some appearances as a lookalike, and then I started getting offered work as a nude model.

Me Was this difficult at first? Taking your clothes off to be photographed?

L Not really. The photographers that work for magazines just look at you as part of their work. It is in their interests that you should be relaxed. They are kind and friendly, and put you at your ease.

Me Were you interested in spanking at that time? How did you get into that? Was it part of your upbringing?

L No, it wasn't, really, but when I was introduced to it, it seemed as if it had always been part of me.

Me Was any one person instrumental in this?

L Yes, I have a great friend, who was very interested in it. Through her I did my first spanking photo shoot. I had just got married at that time, and I introduced her to my husband. He also became interested, and she and I used to spank each other's bare bottoms in front of him, and sometimes he would spank me, and she would watch. We are still very good friends with her.

Me Just friends?

L Oh, yes. My husband and I are very faithful. But we are soulmates. We share confidences. When I am feeling bad, I have only to ring her up. It's good to have a girlfriend.

By this time we were drinking our coffee.

Me If you could run this spanking session, what would you do? How would you prefer to be spanked?

L It doesn't make much difference, because I don't think from the female point of view there is a position which is comfortable. I don't think it is a comfortable thing.

Me Is this good or bad?

L It's good when, and I agree with my friend over this, it happens very suddenly, unexpectedly, like you don't know it's going to happen, then, 'Whack!!' After, you think, that was nice. The other way to do it is slowly, when you've built up to it.

Me Do you like the drama of spanking? The last lady I 'dealt with' shall we say, did a scenario as a nurse. Do you like that sort of thing?

L I'm not sure. I think I do, some of the time. I've made some films, and some tapes, and I'm getting experience in acting, but in the…

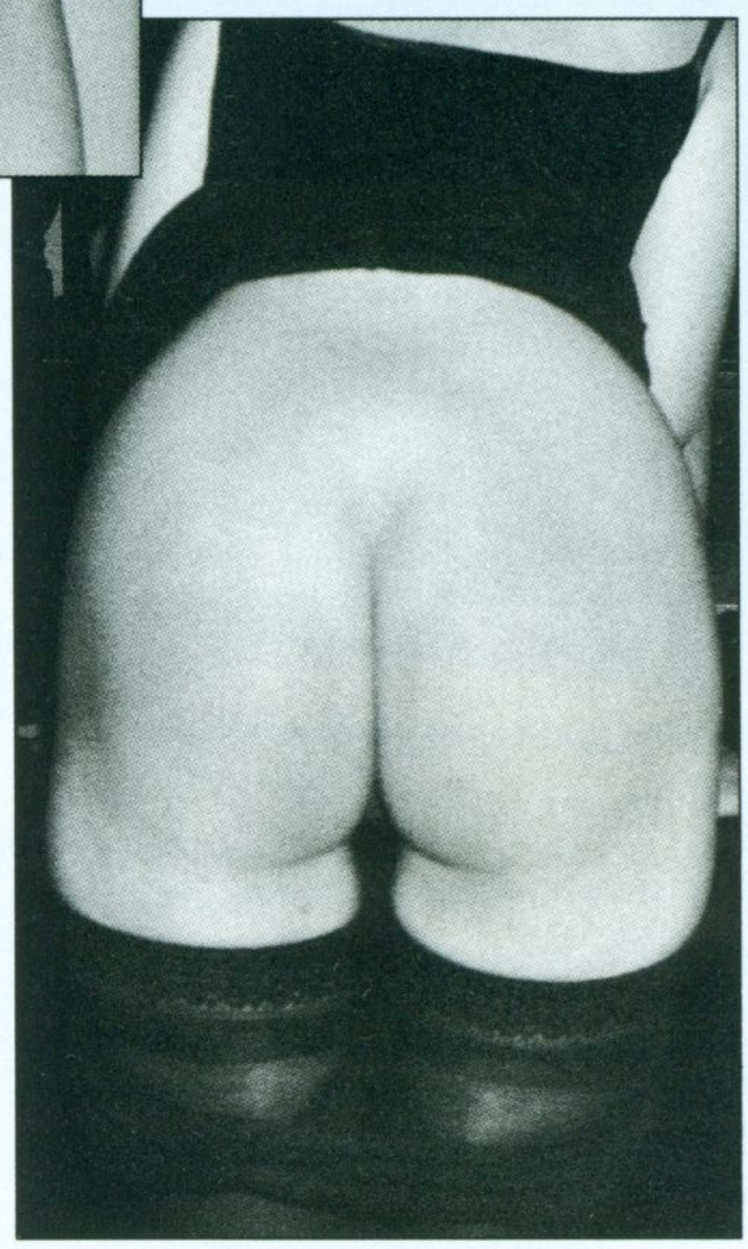
Me And of course, that is where you get it…

L Stop it, you're naughty, you're making me laugh and this is serious.

As I was saying, no matter what the circumstances of the

'I have always enjoyed my body. I like the look of it. I am an exhibitionist, I suppose...'

story; I mean, sometimes I'm a naughty schoolgirl, sometimes a secretary who makes the blots, sometimes a housewife who had spent the housekeeping money, it's always the same in the end… stop it! Stop laughing! …you always end up over someone's knee, or the wooden horse thing, or a table, or a bench. You always have your poor little panties



pulled down round your ankles, and your bare bottom spanked with a tawse, or a martinet or a slipper or a cane or - or a hairbrush, or a very hard hand till it's pink, and then bright red, and then maybe purple. Anyway, it's always the same. I think I like a surprise.

Me Oh, you do, do you? Well I'm going to give you a surprise now. I'm going to tell you to get up! *(She did.)* And I'm going to tell you to bend over the table. *(She did!)* And now I'm going to lift up that lovely long skirt of yours.

I did, and with no protest from her, not even resignation. Underneath the skirt she was wearing lacy elegant black panties. To call them knickers would be to debase them utterly. They were the aristocrats of scanties.

What else was there, apart from the tight jumper, and the two beautiful mounds that were giving the classic underwear its shape? She was wearing an equally elegant pair of self-support stockings.

Me Now, Luna, I'm going to pull down your panties.

I did. I found myself surveying the most gorgeous heart shaped bottom. All she was wearing on her nether regions now was her black stockings, framing that beautiful bottom.

L *(Cheekily)* So I am bending over the table, my bottom is bare. But where is the surprise?

Me Close your eyes.

L Must I keep them shut?

Me If you want a surprise.

L O.K. I trust you. *(She closed her eyes.)*

Me You can open your eyes any time you want to.

L It's because you say things like that, that I know I won't want to. Ooh!

This 'Ooh' because my hand brushed across her bottom, gently, but with a rhythm, backwards and forwards.

L I know, I am supposed to guess what you are using on my poor little bum. Well, Mister Cleverdick, that is your hand, and please don't stop, 'cos that is very warm, and nice. You have

'I think it's a slipper. No! It's lighter than a slipper. It's very strange. The after feeling comes very quickly with this.'

a nice touch, but I expect you're going to go harder, aren't you?

Me Yes, I expect I am.

And with that, the rhythm and the pace increased. My hand started to land with more sound, and considerably more energy behind it. In fact, these were real spanks.

L Oh, that's much harder now! Ooh! Aah! Oh, OWWW!

My hand was now raining slaps on the gorgeous bouncing bottom before me.

L *(Spank!)* Uh-Uh- Uh!! *(Spank)* OoHoww! *(Splatt!)* Ohhaah ! Oh, stop!

Me Right! *(I did!)*

L No, don't! More!

Me Harder?

L Yes, I think so-Oo-owwowwoww!

Luna's bottom cheeks were now a vivid, flaming red. And still I spanked, and still her bottom jiggled jumped and bounced.

Eventually, I slowed down, and finally stopped.

L Shall I open my eyes?

Me Yes, you can, for a moment. Luna, I think our readers would like you to take off the rest of your clothes.

L Your readers would. This has nothing to do, then, with the wishes of Mr. Will Scarlet?

Me Of course not. Purely for the readership.

This was my story, and I was sticking to it.

L Sure, I don't mind. *(With a sly smile.)* If it's for your readers.

She crossed her arms, took hold of her sweater, pulled upwards, and off it came. Underneath, a chic black bra. She reached behind her, undid it, and her beautifully proportioned breasts fell free. She moved her shoulders from side to side appreciating the freedom it gave her. Then she placed one foot on a handy chair, and peeled down and removed her stocking. She then followed with the other, and stood before me, looking breathtakingly beautiful.

Me Thank you. Now close your eyes, and bend over that table again.

If you are an avid reader of Old Will's column, you will know of my love affair with

my fly swat. The one with the child's flip flop on the end of a very bendy handle. I like it because it makes a wonderful sound. It swishes through the air, and comes down with a most satisfying crack! If you build up slowly, you can eventually use more or less full force, and never in a million years would you be able to do the lady the slightest injury.

Me Now then, Luna, what's this?

I brought my arm back to its fullest extent, and down it came. Whapp!

L Yeeaagh!

Me What is it, Luna. What am I using?

L I think-Ooh that stings. I think it's a slipper. No! It's lighter than a slipper. It's very strange. The after feeling comes very quickly with this. Use it some more. I'll try to guess.

Being something of an old fashioned gallant, I hate to disappoint a lady, so I did use it some more. A lot more in fact.

L It's spongy, but quite hard, Oww! Oooh! and it's got a little knot in the middlewhat's that? Ouch! Aah! What a stingy little thing you are, Mr. Shoe on a stick. For that is what you are, aren't you? Ooh! Ooh! You are making my poor little bottom sting, you brute. I will break you...mmm-aah! I will break you in half... ouchouchouch!!!

Me You know something, Luna? *Whack! Thwack! Thump!!* You are absolutely nearly right. *Splatt! Whump!!* But we'll take a little rest, now. You can open your eyes again.

She did, and still flat over the table she twisted her head sideways and saw the offending object.

L Oh, is that what you are? Come here. I'll break you up!

Me Oh, no. This little fellow lives to fight another day.

Luna pouted.

L *(Very dignified.)* Please I would like to get up, now.

Me Of course.

L Now I want to look in a mirror, and see what that little devil has done to me.

Me For that you will have to come downstairs.

'That is really red. You know this is the bit I like best. The after feeling. I am on fire, but not too much. It is nice.'

L Alright. Is this the way?

Me Yes, it is.

Luna strode off downstairs naked as the day she was born, with myself in her wake, carrying the tape recorder, still switched on, predating the flaming redness of her most elegant and still naked bum, as it switched from side to side, proud and unconcerned at the indignities that had so lately been heaped it.

Me On your left.

We entered. The front of the wardrobe at the end of the room is taken up with a huge mirror, full length. Luna looked into it extremely delightfully full frontally. (Her fringe of jet black pubic hair was shaved in the mohican style.) Having examined herself for a moment, she turned, bent over towards the mirror, and studied her bottom. She burst out laughing.

L My word, just look at that colour.

Me I am, I am!

L That is really red. You know this is the bit I like best. The after feeling. I am on fire, but not too much. It is nice. Very nice. I like looking at myself too. I am an exhibitionist.

Me Yes, I rather thought you might be.

L I want you to spank me here, over your lap, in front of the mirror, so I can see. Will you do this?

Me Yes, of course. But first let us have a little break and continue with the interview.

We went upstairs, and continued over coffee. The upstairs part of my maisonette is very warm, so Luna sat in front of me delightfully and, may I say, disconcertingly nude. She has the most beautiful breasts, generous, but with the baby pink nipples of a young girl.

Me Do you like the person who's spanking you to be in charge, or do you like to be in control?

L I like to be in control. And I like to be at ease with my spanking partner.

Me Now, the thing we haven't talked about yet, is your writing. What triggered it off? What made you decide to write?

L I have written poetry for some time. When I was young, I wrote in Italian, of course, but since I came over I have written it in English. I showed some of my work to the editor of Janus, just after I had posed for a spanking story. He asked me if I could write in prose as well, and I said 'yes' and he said: 'You've got two weeks,' and the result was 'Simonetta.' An autobiographical mindscape.

Me Gosh, and how did that go down?

L I was pleased. I got some good letters as a result.

Me I have of course read it, and I think it's both well written, and unusual. And the fact you got some feedback means there are a lot of intelligent folks out there who agree with me. What kind of erotic writing do you like to read?

L Writing about spanking mainly, of

course, but anything that is mysterious, and romantic. I'm not a feminist, but I do think that women write better about these things. I like reading Anais Nin. She was with Henry Miller, of course. When I was with my husband in Belgium, we used to do a live sex show, and we called ourselves Henry and Anais.

Me Tell me more about these shows.

L They are like peep shows in England. You pay, and see something, and then the shutter comes down, and you pay more, and see more.

Me And what did one see?

L Well, everything.

Me *(The dogged, get to the root of it reporter..)* Like what?

L Well, we do twenty minutes in the hour, on the hour, and basically, it's what normal couples do in bed. Kissing, cuddling, stroking each other, then covering each other in baby oil. That's nice.

Me Then what?

L What do you mean,

then what? Aren't you supposed to be a writer? Don't you have imagination?

Me Yes, but right now, I don't have to use it. Come here.

I held out my hand to her, and she took it. I pulled her persuasively over my lap, and spanked her bare bottom. Six resounding slaps. Both her bottom and her breasts jiggled beautifully. Then I released her.

Me Ow, ooh! I wasn't expecting that! Beast. Now, thanks to you, I am a feminist!

Me I thought you liked the unexpected.

L Yes, I do, I suppose. But you are interrupting my train of thought.

Me Right, now answer my questions and don't be so cheeky.

L Well, we do what people who love each other do. We make love. We use many different positions. We do what we like to do in private, but we do it in public, too. It's exciting, and we get paid for it.

Me Is it better, or worse, than in private?

'We use very nice Kama Sutra music, and are quite sensual. In fact we think of ourselves as teachers.'

L Neither, really. It's just different. I like it because I am an exhibitionist, I think. My husband not so much. But he likes it in public too.

Me Do you perform, for example, fellatio on him?

L Of course, and we both love the 69 position. We spend some time in the year in Europe, and treat it as a holiday, but it is always nice to come home. I am a British girl now.

I then asked a question which I am also asking you, dear reader.

Me In number eighteen, there is a letter written by someone who suggests that we enthusiasts should have a number to ourselves that people could recognise us by. 69 is universally known for what it represents. We could have the figure Thirty One for obvious reasons.

L I don't think I understand.

So I wrote it out for her. **31**.

Me Look, *31*!

L *(Giggling)* Oh, now I understand.

Me Good. And he suggests that we could have badges made up, or something like that. So we could all recognise each other.

L This is, I think, a good idea. Very good.

Me Anyway, carry on.

L Well, we do everything together, and because we like it, he spanks me sometimes.

Me And do they like it?

L I think they do. In fact I know they do. But in the end they want me to go down on him, which I do very well, and enjoy. Then there should be penetration. And we do that too. We use very nice Kama Sutra music, and are quite sensual. In fact, we think of ourselves as teachers. Look, this is how it should be done. My husband is very slow and gentle. We like to teach sex. And sometimes we will do it for young couples, or older couples.

Me Do you ever involve the watchers in your sex?

L No, not really. Sometimes we invite couples to watch us, and they make love together while we do. But we are faithful.

Me Always?

L Well, before I met my husband I had some very bad experiences with men. So I decided to be a lesbian.

Me Is that something you decide? I thought it was something that was decided for you. That you didn't have a choice.

L Well, I really thought of myself as one for some time, and even now, very, very, very occasionally, I will have a sexual experience with a woman, with my husband's consent.

Me Now, Luna you have brought some of your stories with you, haven't you?

L Yes, that's right, I have.

Me I would like you to read one of your stories to me. Is that all right?

L Oh, yes, I heard I was going to do that. I have a story here which I hope you'll like. It's this one here, it's six pages long.

Me Good. And while you're doing that, you will be bent over the table, and I will be spanking you with my five fingered tawse. *(I selected it.)* This one!

L Oh, oh, my Goodness! Perhaps I'll read you this one instead!

Me How long is that?

L *(Laughing)* Two Pages.

Me All right, but read it slowly.

Luna stood up, turned, and still quite beautifully and completely naked, bent over the circular glass table.

L *(Scanning her work.)* I don't understand this. There seems to be a printing mistake.

Me You've made a printing mistake? How dare you!

I spanked her wobbly bottom with my hand. Smack! Spank! Splatt!!

L Oowowouch!! No. I haven't made a printing mistake. You should be spanking the Editor, not me!

Me *(Drily)* Whoops. Sorry!!

L I don't read too well. I'm sure you read much better. You bend over the table and read it, and I'll spank you!

Me You will not! Start reading, please!

She didn't. She got up.

L Your readers must know they are both talking to their heads. Look, what she says is in italics, see, and what he says is in the ordinary printing. They're not really talking. It is only in their minds, you see.

Me I understand, Luna. I'll tell them. I promise. Now, please bend over the table. *(She did.)*

Me Now will you read to me?

L ***"In my dreams, which is true, I am***

his model. I'm the seductress. I'm the temptress. Love me with your soft sable brushes, love me with your caresses."

"She talks to me with her body. Her bottom talks to me; her, cheeky, full blossomed bottom arouses and tantalises me. Every time, any time. I'm close enough to touch it, feel the peach-soft skin, its warmth, its tightness. I long to pat it, pinch it, caress it, smack it."

This sounds like my cue, I thought, and brought my five fingered tawse swinging back in the air. Down it came unerringly on its target.

L Aargh! Oooh!! ***He touched me. He stroked my bottom. Obsession took over. Not at all displeasing.*** *(As it came down again.)* Ooh, oh dear - what is that? ***A little embarrassing. Ruling passions running through his fingertips.*** Oooch! ***Overwhelming desire to comply; my rear surrendering, obedient, yielding.*** Oh,oh, Oh!! ***The bare flesh of my bare bottom humiliated."***

I won't, now you've got the idea, spoil the quality of the splendidly erotic writing that Luna was reading to me so beautifully. You'll have to imagine the sighs, the whimpers, the little fluttering sounds that were punctuating the words, as my leather tawse came down again and again on that quivering bottom.

L **"My dream on canvass is untitled. Can you give a title to the most beautiful arse? On my canvass I paint her sleek, silky flirting tail. I paint it red; Cardinal carmine, cherry coral crimson red, whipped, punished with her riding crop. Punished for being so audacious, so cheeky, so encouraging. Five strokes, and I pause. Her lovely bottom lifts invitingly. Are we playing Master and servant?"**

What is that? It's supposed to be a riding crop! It isn't. Aa-oww!!

Me Keep reading, Luna. Keep reading.

L ***"I don't struggle. I don't move. You're taking me in your into deep sea, but we don't drown. You think you take control, but the waves do. My waves of passion. I take your blows like kisses. I take this cane I've been longing for. I'm yours. Now."***

Luna was having trouble. Her voice was at the mercy of the thudding strokes of my tawse, descending with predictable regularity on her flaring bottom.

L **"She wants more. She begs for more, yet she cries no more. She begs for me to stop, yet her swollen scorched flesh reaches upwards. Stretches, and wriggles playfully. With the crop taking control, with my hand losing control, her bottom takes charge. A bottom amused, receiving humiliation in its role of humble submission in our play, a play of love, and of glorious pain. But who is the dominant character? Where is the applause?"**

A crescendo, now. Luna's bottom was a firework display of rioting, contrasting colours. The punishing tawse sounding to my ears like the cannon fire in the 1812 overture.

L ***"I'm a witch, setting fire, and fanning burning flames, burning passions, inviting you to Nirvana past a shortcut through hell. I am his model, I am his muse. And now I am his lover."***

The story was over. The story teller rose from the table and, like Sheherezade in the Arabian Nights, waited for approval.

L I've never read it like that before.

Me And never will again?

L You must never say never. Did you like my story?

Me I have to admit it had the ring of truth about it.

She laughed.

L Now I want to see what you have done to my poor bottom this time.

So down we went again, to the lower depths, tape recorder, implements et al. Once there, we set up before the mirror, where I placed a small stool. I then reached under the single

bed for occasional guests, and retrieved my leather Marks and Sparks slipper.

L Oh, my God, are you going to use that on my poor little bottom? Let me feel it!

I handed her the instrument of her future punishment. She examined it.

L Dear slipper, please be kind to me. Don't hurt me too much. I am already very tender.

This girl is nuts, I thought. Beautiful, clever, a talented writer, but completely nuts! I sat upon the stool. She handed me the slipper, and without further bidding, she knelt, and stretched herself fully across my lap. Still as gorgeously naked as ever.

Me Would you believe the redness is fading again. We'll have to do something about that. What colour would you like to see yourself as? Scarlet, crimson, or purple?

L Oh, I think crimson would be O.K.

Me Crimson it is! Can you see yourself?

L Wait. Let me turn a little. Yes! Oh, yes! I can now.

Me Watch closely. This is the big one, so-Six!

I raised the heavy leather slipper almost above my head, so she could see it coming down.

Me Are you ready?

L It looks very big, up there. My poor little bottom!

Me Would you like to stop?

L No! Let it come.

And, by God it did! Whummph!! An exhalation of breath and one leg jerking to the vertical. That was all. Then, Whapp!! Her bottom convulsed. A low moan, followed by what I can only describe as a snort. I prepared myself for the third, and I could see that she was doing likewise. I placed my hand gently in her back. Not to hold her down, but rather to support her. Then I swung back, and the third stroke came cracking down on her yielding flesh.

Me Are you looking in the mirror?

L Yes, I am.

Me What do you see?

L I see a poor bottom the colour of cayenne pepper.

Me I don't think so. That would take another twenty, at least. Shall we do that?

L Oh, no way. On second thoughts, I

'Every moment. Nearly every moment I feel sexy. Yes, I feel sexy now.'

like my bottom just like it is.

Me Not redder?

L Well, maybe a little bit redder. Three strokes redder, perhaps.

Me Do you feel sexy now?

L Every moment. Nearly every moment I feel sexy. Yes, I feel sexy now.

She laughed, as she had so many times during our interview, and it was like the tinkling of bells.

Me Final three, Luna.

She wriggled herself comfortable.

L What do you call that thing?

Me St. Michael. St. Michael meet Luna. Luna, meet St. Michael.

(Hm - which one of you two is nuts now Will? Paula)

And she did, once again, as my slipper described an arc, then landed on the perfection of her already glowing bottom.

L Oh, I am so sore!

Me You're going to be two strokes sorer, Luna. *Thwack!!* Last one coming up. Here we go! *Crru-ump.*

She uncurled herself graciously from my lap, and stood with her bottom towards the mirror, ruefully surveying the damage. Then, surprisingly…

L Thank you.

Me You're welcome.

L Now, I think I would like you to put some ice on my bum.

Me *(Needing no second bidding.)* Wait here.

I left Luna looking at her naked mirror image, and strode up the stairs to my freezer as quickly as I could because I didn't want to diminish the effect of the ice. I returned immediately, and scooping up a handful of cubes, applied them to her derriere. They didn't exactly sizzle, but there was immediate melt down.

L Oh, oh, oh, that's beautiful!

Then:

L Whoops a daisy!

As my hand slid with the ice, and finished up halfway down her leg. I got back in control again.

L Oh, yes. That's the hottest part, just there. It's melting all over my bottom, and dripping onto the floor. I can see it dripping in the mirror.

Me Would you like a towel?

L No, I think it's dry now. This is the best part. The afterwards. The warmth.

This was the time I hate most. The time when everything is done, and there is nothing else to stay for, but I don't want the girl to go. Luna dressed and became almost the graceful figure I had met at the station. I say almost, because there was a difference in her. A kind of inner satisfaction.

Me Will you send me copies of your future writing?

L Would you not prefer that I came over and read them to you?

Me As long as you know that it would probably be over my knee.

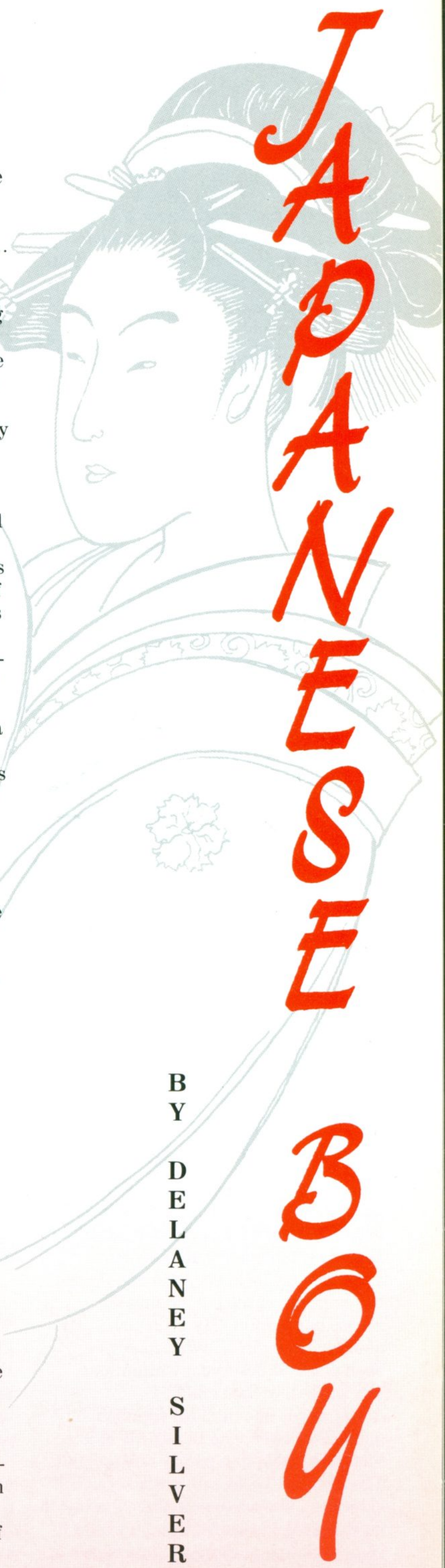
L Then I would probably come and read to you!

Me I'll walk you back to the Tube.

And I did. ❑

JAPANESE BOY

BY DELANEY SILVER



'But where are you going to do it?' demanded Davina of her exotic new acquaintance. She and Yoshi were strolling in the garden after dinner, and though the night was balmy, their conversation had made her shudder. Handsome Yoshi had told her things that her husband Stephen hadn't been able to; revelations about the true purpose of this house-party, and the hidden agenda beneath the conventional social pleasantries...

Now she knew Stephen's secret, Davina could comprehend her husband's strange reticence in the bedroom. He had certain preferences... Preferences he needed her to help him satisfy. Preferences that she supposed she should have suspected all along, and which she now felt guilty she hadn't understood. Because she loved him she should have tried a little harder.

'You'll soon see,' said the Japanese boy softly, slipping his arm through Davina's as they wandered through the flower-beds. The touch of his bare skin was cool and delicious in the warm night air, and the moonlight glinted on his shiny jet black fringe. His demeanour was so calm it unnerved her. 'And you might not be so eager once you get there.' Yoshi paused, and turned to her, his narrow ebony eyes glittering shrewdly. 'It's not too late to turn back now if you can't got through with it...'

'I'm all right,' said Davina, knowing she was very confused, and that she wasn't all right at all.

'We'll see,' countered Yoshi, a gentle smile softening his warrior face as they followed the path.

Davina couldn't speak. Yoshi's unexpected kindness had unnerved her somewhat, affected her more even than his dominance, and the peculiar service he performed for men like Stephen... She found the young Japanese intriguing, a little frightening, and quite stunning to look at with his coal-black hair and his fierce ascetic looks. It was strange to find herself succumbing to desire for him - when she feared what he would do to her, and she also loved her husband - yet she felt a urge to kneel before him and kiss his hand.

He was a temptation, Davina realised, but not of the usual kind. He induced in her a feeling that she was a child again, cowering before a stern, omnipotent teacher. It was fear, and it was awe, yet it was exciting. She had experienced something of the feeling with Stephen on occasion - a need to obey, and to give in and be controlled - but her husband's cautiousness had always held him back.

'I...' Davina began, then faltered. She felt a weakness stealing up through her from her toes. Her knees began to buckle, and she swayed against the Japanese boy's arm. Her nipples were hard beneath her flimsy dress, and she was blushing wildly.

'Ask your questions, Davina,' commanded Yoshi, his voice ringing like a blade as his body supported her, 'I have nothing to hide, and there is much you need to know.'

'Is... is everyone at the party... Do... do they share the same... um... interests?' Davina asked, still sharply conscious of her vulnerability. Her evening gown was revealingly thin, the bias-cut satin pouring over her shape like a pale pink fluid, and she wore with it just the briefest of panties, for modesty's sake.

In contrast, Yoshi was clothed entirely in black leather, which only reinforced his regal air of personal confidence. His narrow trousers and his waistcoat were of the supplest hide available, and with them he wore soft boots in the same dark shade. Around his neck was a brushed steel pendant in the shape of an indecipherable ideogram, which was swinging from a woven black silk cord.

'To a certain extent,' he said, answering Davina's question, 'There are some variations, of course...'

'There's no straight sex then,' Davina blurted out, without thinking.

Yoshi laughed merrily, his angled eyes crinkling.

'No, there's no straight sex!' he said after a moment, 'Just something we've all come to value a great deal more.'

'Oh,' said Davina, feeling vaguely crestfallen, yet also excited at the same time. She ran her tongue across her lips, which were suddenly dry.

'Are you disappointed?' the Japanese enquired, releasing her arm, then sliding his own arm around her waist. As they continued along the path, it felt just as if they were a pair of ordinary lovers out strolling, a male suitor guiding his mate towards seclusion. 'Were you hoping I could be persuaded to make love to you instead?'

Davina realised that the thought had crossed her mind. She was still frightened of what Yoshi and Stephen had agreed between them.

'I don't know! I don't know what I feel,' she said, swallowing. She was aware that her whole face, as well as her chest, was now bright pink.

Yoshi nodded. 'Come! I know a place which will serve our needs perfectly.'

It's too late now, thought Davina as her new friend hurried her through a lush rose-garden with its almost narcotic odour of night-scented blooms, and in the direction of the building she had noticed earlier. The dilapidated shell of the almost ruined summerhouse.

For a second, she had a wild urge to break away, and to take to her heels and run, but Yoshi's narrow smile seemed to act on her like a shackle. She could no sooner move than stop breathing in and out.

As they stood on the porch, and Yoshi tackled the ramshackle door with its rusted hinges, Davina was unable to control a jumble of mental images. She saw herself being fondled and made love to by Stephen. She saw herself exposing her bottom at her husband's request, and sensing he wanted more but not knowing what it was. She saw herself in a totally new picture, quite unknown to her, where she was kneeling awkwardly against a dark, wooden surface, her naked buttocks lewdly raised, whilst an unknown figure stood right behind her, his arm lifted in readiness…

Swinging open the door, Yoshi spun towards her and smiled obliquely. Davina could almost believe that the final sharp image had come from him.

The Japanese boy's eyes narrowed for a moment, became quintessentially inscrutable and oriental, then he turned and led the way into the summerhouse.

Once they were inside, Davina was able to forget her nerves for a moment, swept away by the spooky aura of their shabby surroundings.

At one time, the roof of the summerhouse had been removed altogether, although there was no sign of the rubble and debris that should have resulted. Consequently the small building was completely open to the sky, and the moon that rode across it amongst a sea of brilliant, twinkling stars. The forces of nature had clearly taken advantage of this open condition, because there were wild flowers growing here and there amongst the stone flags of the summerhouse floor. In the moonlight these scattered blooms were strangely beautiful.

'Is this wh-'

Yoshi silenced Davina's question with a hand across her lips. She had been going to ask if he'd often brought initiates here, but she remained silent.

'Ah yes, my little one,' the Japanese boy murmured, letting his fingers caress her mouth. 'My little girl… My naughty little girl… What have you been doing to deserve my attentions, you wicked, wicked child?'

The words should have sounded silly and rather twee, like the words of a Victorian uncle in a poorly written play. The fact that Yoshi was probably no older than she was made them doubly nonsensical, yet on his lips they bore a true, profound authority. Somewhere at the back of Davina's mind was the memory of what Yoshi had told her was his profession in the real world. He was an actor - a principal player in a traditional Japanese theatre troupe - and a very fine one, judging by this unrehearsed performance.

'I'm s… sorry,' stammered Davina as Yoshi removed his fingers. The response was automatic; she suddenly even seemed to feel remorse. The submissive role had completely engulfed her; just as smoothly as the mantle of dominance had been taken on by Yoshi.

Davina hung her head, unable to look her Japanese master in the eyes.

'Sorry for what?' The strong hand cupped her jaw, lifting her face again. 'Look at me, little one… Are you not at fault?' Davina obeyed, meeting dark eyes that glittered like chips of onyx. 'Should you not be punished?'

Again, a portion of Davina's mind remained rooted in reality; and recognised the absurdity of the dynamic that was emerging. She had not done anything wrong at all. In fact, quite the reverse. She had tried to please her husband in every way she knew; it was really his fault for not asking for - or demanding - the thing he wanted.

But another part of her acknowledged ritual, high drama, and role-play. All key elements in Yoshi's way of thinking, and which in his everyday, theatrical life, he had polished to perfection. His civilised mind demanded that his services be presented in a framework. Hence the appearance, at this critical moment, of a 'master' and his counterpart, the 'penitent'.

Their eyes remained locked for perhaps thirty seconds, during which neither of them smiled, nor acknowledged any kind of covenant; yet even so Davina sensed that a pact had most certainly been agreed on. Looking down again, she nodded her head slowly.

'Good girl,' said Yoshi softly, his thumb brushing across her lower lip, 'You will feel so much better, you know…' His free hand brushed Davina's short auburn hair, ruffling it affectionately, as a lover or a brother would. Or perhaps a stern teacher who was old-fashioned - but also tender.

The gesture was slight, almost an afterthought, but Davina's response to it could not have been more different. She felt a wave of delicious languor sweep up through her. A melting. A soft, hot weakness that seemed to pool in the pit of her belly. It was as if she had wandered into a dream within a dream, where a new set of rules and responses held sway. Just the merest touch of her hair could set her body all a quiver, and the thought of being punished made her heart leap and race inside her.

But I don't like pain, she thought as Yoshi took her by the hand and led her across the uneven stone floor of the summerhouse. I hate it. I'm a baby, I cry at the slightest thing. What will I do when he actually starts to beat me?

Yoshi paused when they reached what seemed to be the only item of furniture in the building; a solid oak chair. It had no arms, but a high back carved in the design of a fleur de lys. Yoshi glanced sideways at Davina, then squeezed her hand.

'Here, I think,' the Japanese whispered, as if there were a choice of suitable sites for the event. Drawing Davina's quivering hand to his beautifully sculpted lips, he kissed it once, then gave her another encouraging squeeze. 'Come along, my dear, it's time we got started.'

Releasing Davina's fingers, Yoshi stepped smartly towards the chair, then sat down on it, his long legs spread to create a stable, unwavering support. Lifting one elegant finger, he made a curling 'come here' gesture, then pointed to a spot a foot or so from where he sat.

Davina hurried forward, but stumbled slightly on the irregular stone flooring. The slip was barely noticeable and she recovered in an instant, but when she stood before Yoshi she couldn't help blushing even more.

Yoshi gave her a look which indicated he had taken note of her clumsiness, but was prepared to tolerate it. Slowly, measuredly, the Japanese reached out and laid his hands very gently on her trembling hips.

Davina bit her lip. It was as if a cleverly coded message was passing through her from the contact of his fingers - all the information she needed about this, and other activities that loomed ahead of her. For a second, she had a wild urge to break away, and to take to her heels and run, but Yoshi's narrow smile seemed to act on her like a shackle. She could no sooner move than stop breathing in and out.

'This is a very revealing dress, little one,' observed Yoshi, sliding one hand up her body towards her breast. His other hand tightened infinitesimally on her hip. 'It's a whore's dress... What could you be thinking of wearing something like this?'

'I... I don't know,' gasped Davina. Her skin was tingling furiously, even though Yoshi's hold was minimal; the subtle touch was far more threatening than force or pressure. Yoshi's hands were so slender and graceful that it was hard to believe they could ever inflict true pain, but feeling panicky, Davina knew that soon they would. Without her being able to control it, her pelvis began to weave.

Why? Why is this happening? She was going to be hurt soon, and she knew she wouldn't like it; but down below she could feel her fickle body reacting. She was throbbing with desire because she knew she'd soon be suffering, and as Yoshi adjusted his hold on her, she suddenly whimpered loudly.

Still holding her tenderly by the hip, Yoshi's roving hand travelled downwards, then it paused and hovered gently against her pubis.

'The grove of heavenly delights,' he intoned, stroking the shiny fabric of her dress. Davina felt herself shudder, and her panties begin to moisten.

'Take the gown off your shoulders,' said Yoshi coolly, 'Come on, my naughty

Crying within thirty seconds, Davina could not believe how solid the smacks felt. How hard and unyielding Yoshi's hand was. How stunningly painful a simple hand-spanking could be.

little one, lower the straps.'

Davina flinched, and obeyed. It felt like a miracle that she could actually move her hands and perform the simple action required of her. The situation, and Yoshi's presence, had almost inflicted a paralysis upon her limbs. Flicking the thin straps of the slip-like dress off her shoulders, she allowed the garment to slide down her body and expose her breasts. With a struggle, she slid her arms out from straps, leaving her torso naked and the satin rumpled around her hips.

Yoshi just looked at her, long and hard, his hands remaining motionless in their position. Davina seemed to feel her Japanese boy's scrutiny like an exotic, liquid ray cruising her body in slow, slow motion. Her nipples stiffened, and despite the night air, she began to sweat. She imagined perspiration forming in visible pools on her skin, and phantom streams of it trickling over her like liquid jewels.

Suddenly, Yoshi withdrew his left hand a moment, and let the bunched satin slip off Davina's right buttock. The Japanese then grasped the exposed and rounded lobe, and squeezed it firmly through the thin barrier of her filmy panties. The tips of his fingers dug authoritatively into her cleft.

Davina moaned softly, desperately wanting something to happen, but afraid that it would. She no longer moved her hips; she dare not. Yoshi's fingertips were so close to her womanhood that only the slightest of tiny movements would make him touch her.

'Oh please,' she whispered, remembering the same yearning situation with Stephen, yet knowing that then she hadn't even known what it was she wanted...

'Remember what you are begging for,' warned Yoshi, palpating the muscles of Davina bottom-cheek. 'Remember what I want of you...'

'I don't care!' cried Davina, rocking, and getting the most minuscule of frissons of sexual pleasure. She felt a brief but brilliant shard of sensation, then the gripping hands were withdrawn and her dress slithered rapidly to the ground; leaving her bare but for her knickers and her hold-up stockings - which apart from her high-heeled sandals were all she wore

'Do anything with me! I don't care,' she repeated, waggling her bottom as Yoshi resumed his careful, measured hold. 'I don't care,' she sobbed, her eyes filling with childish tears of thwarted lust.

'As you wish,' said Yoshi, his face a mask, his own dark eyes as fierce as supernovae. With some reluctance he released Davina's buttocks. 'Step out of your dress, then let's have you across my knee.'

Davina stepped clear of the pooled satin around her ankles, then dithered, feeling wanton in her stockings and her tiny, silky knickers. Yoshi gave her an intent look, and she stepped to one side of his firmly braced legs, then with as much grace as she could summon, she laid herself over them.

The pose wasn't as easy to hold as she had expected. Though Yoshi's thighs were muscular, and his legs rigidly positioned, Davina still felt an alarming sense of vertigo. She felt as if she were falling from a great height, both literally and figuratively; tipping head-first into a new and frightening world. She was more relieved than she could have imagined when Yoshi's left hand settled in the small of her naked back and held her steady, while with his other hand, he palpated her pantied buttocks.

'Hmm... Nice and firm,' the Japanese murmured, gripping her panties by their waistband, then slipping them off, 'Most resilient...' He touched each suddenly naked lobe.

Almost while he was still speaking, the first ringing, stinging slap met Davina's flesh.

'Oh God!' she shouted out, in total shock.

It felt as if a slab of wood had crashed down on her bottom, a seasoned timber that had been pickled to make it harder. After a second of numbness, her right buttock seemed awash with flaming torment, then almost immediately its trembling twin caught fire as well.

Yoshi's rhythm was immaculate, each blow timed so that the previous one's impact was given a moment to fully develop. Crying within thirty seconds, Davina could not believe how solid the smacks felt. How hard and unyielding Yoshi's hand was. How stunningly painful a simple hand-spanking could be.

Wriggling and squirming, she felt heat building and building in the muscles of her bottom, and at the same time sinking through into her belly. It was difficult to credit the way sensations began to blend.

Yoshi was really hurting her now, making her suffer far more than she had ever expected; yet between her legs, Davina felt a slippery, excited ache. Her brain seemed to be in a state of short circuit, sending the wrong responses to her most inappropriate parts. She was being hit, punished, belaboured; being made to experience extraordinary pain and a sense of profound embarrassment. But instead of despair, she felt the wildest, purest passion...

'Oh, Yoshi,' she groaned, lifting her bottom high to meet a slap, then riding down on it to grind her pelvis against his thigh. Each hard blow made her body jump and pulse. 'Oh Yoshi, I can't bear it,' she squealed, opening her flailing legs even wider, so that her clever young master could seek out yet more sensitive zones.

When the climactic moment came, Davina felt stunned and fought for breath, enduring a pleasure so rich and intense that she nearly fainted. Her pounding, blazing bottom and the deep spasms of her deliverance seemed to fuse into a state beyond description. It was ecstasy. It was agony. It was both of them, and better. It seemed to last for hours, and yet fade too soon.

As her senses wavered, she heard, 'Well done, my little one.'

At last, I know what really pleases Stephen, Davina thought happily as they walked slowly back towards the big house, her arm through Yoshi's again, and her buttocks sore and fiery.

She could go to her husband with confidence now; she could offer him her devotions - and her bottom! -the way he wanted. All thanks to the skilful teacher who walked at her side, the beautiful initiator who had simply shown her what went where... Her future was a thrill to her - but she had just one regret.

There would be spanking after spanking down the years that stretched ahead; she would feel both pain, and the dizzy heights of sweet fulfilment.

But nothing she would ever experience would feel exactly like this very first time... out in the moonlight with her handsome Japanese boy. ❑

'People say I'm a bit of a martinet, I can't think why," their instructor teased and simultaneously released a spray of stinging bites with just such an implement. Alone, it might not have caused her to cry out, but layered on top of the thorough slippering the taunting darts brought tears to her eyes. She lurched on the barre and the second whisk of the thongs lifted her feet from the floor so that she was swinging as if taking part in a playground game. Eight more such swipes saw her tears running freely and her buttocks sporting an abstract display of mauve stripes and specks layered onto the crimson base.

When the simple instruction to 'step aside' was given, it took her several moments to unclench her muscles and organise her body so that she could comply. 'Your turn Gemma.' He made it sound like an invitation to a tea party.

With trepidation but no demur, Gemma stepped up to the barre. This was an act she had performed virtually every day for a

decade and a half, yet never before had it held such significance. Kim didn't need to lecture her about the way she had become complacent about her talent; he didn't need to demonstrate how unfit she had become or reel off the list of people she was letting down. She leant on the unyielding pole and gave herself up to whatever Kim deemed necessary to get her back on the right track.

Expecting the kiss of the whispering lashes, she was surprised by the single band of flame that branded her tender backside. 'I think a spirited filly like you needs to taste the crop,' Kim informed her and while she was still trying to draw breath from the first stroke, a second cut into the crease between her buttocks and thighs. She howled; no words, just a very articulate wail that chased itself around the high-ceilinged room. A third stripe was delivered diagonally, matched by another crossing from the

opposite direction. Now Gemma was silent, locked over the barre, pain freezing every sinew in her body. Behind her, an appalled Suzanne muttered 'can't can't can't' like a mystical incantation.

'Can't what, Suzanne?' Kim asked, snapping her back to reality. 'I can't chastise the pair of you? Oh yes I can, watch me! You can't take it? Of course you can: you're trained, disciplined professional dancers and if you want to save your careers you'll learn your lesson here today. Come and join Gemma and let's see if we can get you both back on track.'

She hesitated, a small voice in the back of her brain telling her to put on her clothes and leave: leave the studio, leave her job, leave the profession. An instinct, however, moved her feet, one at time until she stood next to her friend, literally bowing to the inevitable. Her fair skin contrasted with the deeper hue of her friend's, but their bottoms were identically matching shades of red and mauve. The tab of the crop alternated its attentions between the two proffered rumps, not severe

enough to cause the blinding pain Gemma had suffered, but sharp and reproving so that both girls found themselves giving serious thought to their careers for the first time in many months. Gemma was becoming stoic in her acceptance of this strange therapy, but Suzanne still felt a pang of resentful rebellion, which Kim was not slow to pick up on.

'I think you need some special attention, Suzanne. Let me see you straddle the barre.'

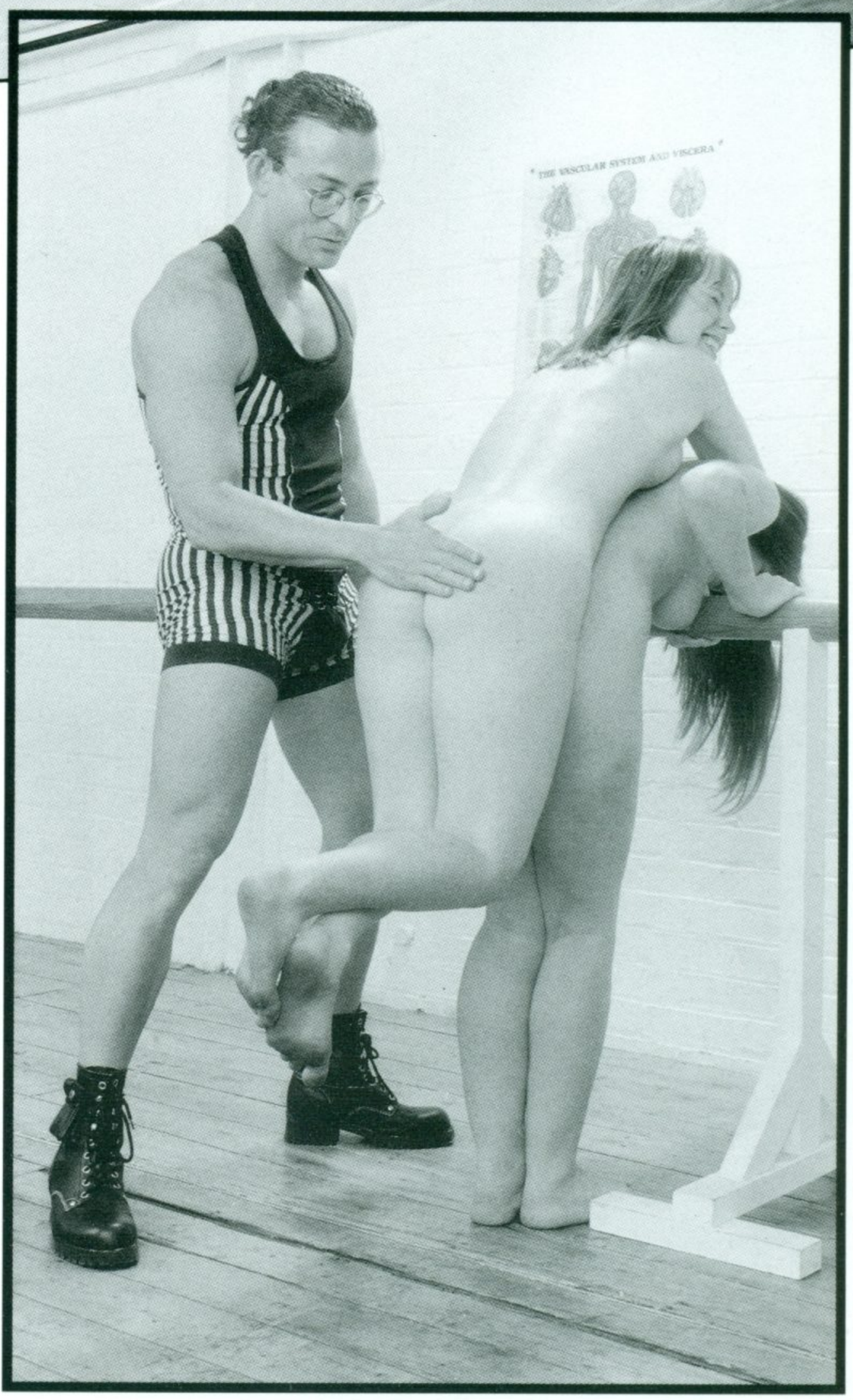
'No.' It was a determined statement, undermined by the hiccuping sob that accompanied it. Kim's voice softened.

'Straddle the barre, Suzanne. This is just for you, so that you can go back to Max's company and dance as nature intended. You have a great talent and every time you enter a studio and perform your warm up exercises you will remember today and your ambition will be renewed. Come along, lie along the barre for me.'

Once more her movements were slow, but she followed his instruction, perching precariously along the pole as though on army manoeuvres, clinging desperately as the crop struck five times at the fullest part of her out-thrust rear.

'Right, now let's see how you cope with some exercise. Gemma, lie back, up on your shoulders and cycle.' As her feet pointed skywards, his hand once more delivered a sobering spanking and she concentrated on completing the exercise, absorbing but ignoring the discomfort of her punishment as once she had blocked out cramps and aches when she danced.

'Good girl,' Kim remarked and his kind words meant as much to her as a standing ovation and a rose-laden bouquet. 'Now for some horse-play. At the barre, Gemma; Suzanne, mount her.' After a few



false starts, the friends were positioned to his satisfaction. He put on a tape and the music for the Sugar Plum Fairly's dance suddenly filled the room, muting Suzanne's yelps and Gemma's grunts as he struck the blonde girl's vulnerable buttocks (literally beating time to the music) and forced her weight down onto her friend.

'And change!' he sang as if leading them through standard positions. 'Kneel down, Suzanne; Gemma drape yourself across her back.' Once more there was some shuffling to attain the correct pose and then it was Gemma's turn to receive the final spanking while her friend bore

her weight and the secondary impact. When the tape finally stopped, both girls just wanted to flop on the floor and let their bodies and emotions heal: they were drenched in sweat, thirsty, breathless, aching and with bottoms emitting sensations beyond their powers of description. Yet their training session was not yet over.

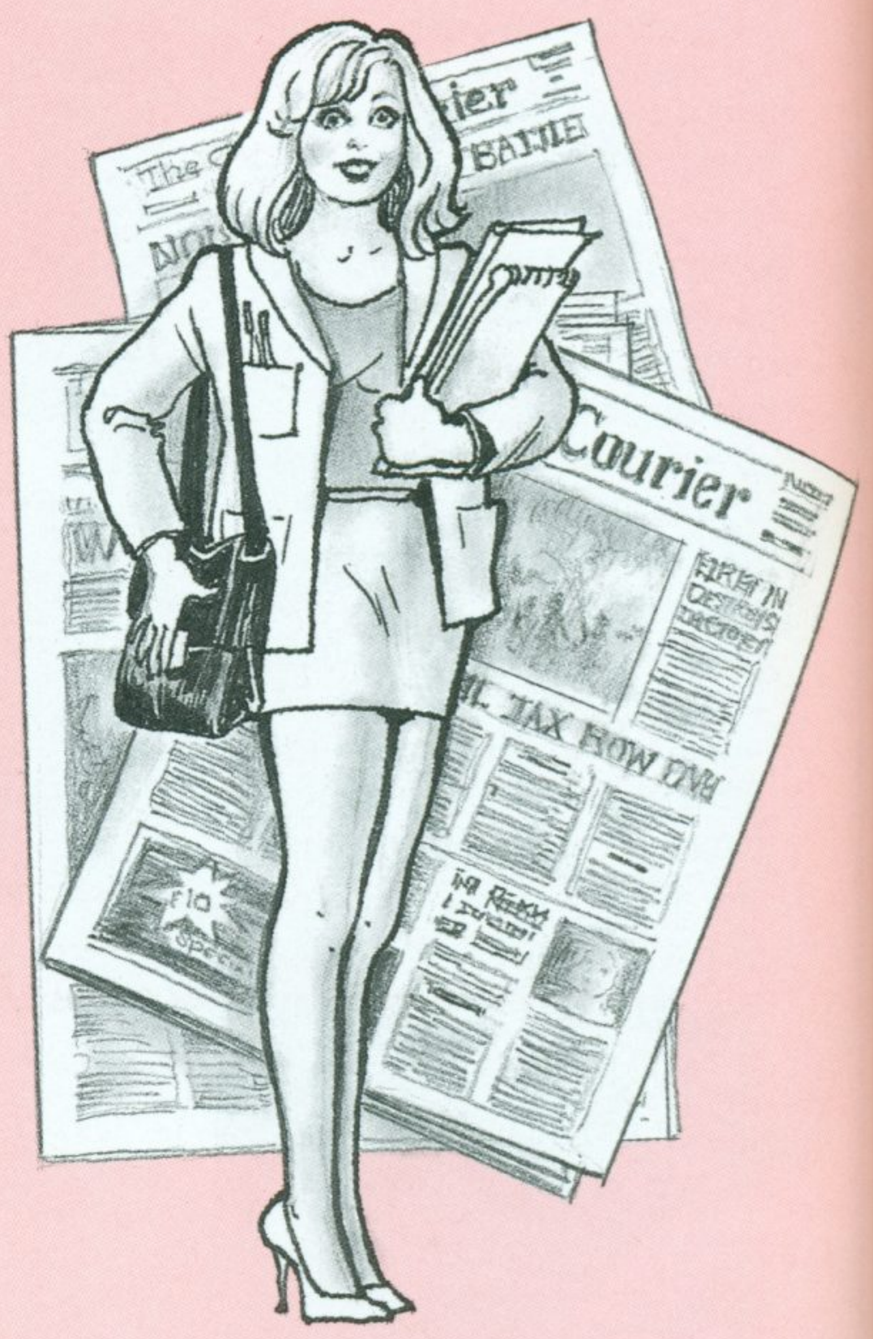
'Back to the barre,' Kim ordered.

This time, despite their discomforts, they performed their movements with the precision and concentration they had employed all through their student days, with the grace and suppleness that had originally earned them their jobs in Max's troupe. Once more they were dancers, oblivious to bodily privations and external conditions. They moved in perfect harmony and Kim was well satisfied with his work. ❑

EPISODE FIVE

The Misadventures

By
Anthony Vallance



Cherri knocked gently on Mr Smedley's door and waited for the barked order before venturing to step into his office. Was he really going to hit the roof again? Her report on the Country Show had not gone down too well. Her bottom had been sore for days afterwards and apart from her spanking there was so little that she had been able to remember about the Show. It was no wonder really that her story had been short of detail, but really, she couldn't very well tell people what had really happened to her.

Mr Smedley looked up at her as she walked nervously towards his desk. She was wearing a short suede skirt, knee length black boots and a tight little sweater that was probably just a little too tight for Mr Smedley's liking. A smile formed on her face but it failed dismally to hack a smile in return on his stony features.

'Twin towns,' he told her abruptly, indicating with his overly mobile eyebrows that she should sit down.

'Twin towns?' she echoed, sitting in the chair opposite him and crossing her legs. Her skirt rode up high, showing off her long pale thighs which contrasted with the polished gleam of her black leather boots.

'Aye,' he agreed. 'We do a lot of PR here for the town. The Courier takes its civic duties seriously, lass.'

'Yes, Mr Smedley,' she said.

'Ever hear of a newspaper called Le Monde?'

Cherri's eyes widened. 'Le Monde,' she whispered. 'Of course I've heard of it. One of the most highly respected newspapers in Europe, one of France's most prestigious…'

Mr Smedley sighed and shook his head sadly. 'Nay, lass,' he explained patiently. 'Not Le Monde of Paris, I'm talking about Le Monde of Boulogne.'

Cherri's heart sank. She had such high hopes…

'Monsewer Albert Foret is editor,' Mr Smedley continued. 'He's French and all that, but not a bad one. 'Appens he's got a young lass of his own, sending her through school. The Sorbonne, I suppose you've heard of that too.'

Cherri nodded. 'Yes, Mr Smedley.'

'Albert dotes on his daughter and she's coming over to visit this week. It's her first time over 'ere and he wants to make sure she's looked after. Well, Miss Bottom?'

'You want me to look after her?' Cherri surmised.

Mr Smedley nodded. 'She'll be just a bit younger than you,' he added, 'but I'll wager you've got enough in common to get on well enough. Think of this as part PR for the town and part PR for the paper. Do you know what that means, lass?'

Cherri thought hard. 'Does it mean that I'm doing a lot of PR, Mr Smedley?'

He sighed wearily. 'No, lass, it means you don't get into trouble. Understood?'

Cherri nodded eagerly. 'You can depend on me, Mr Smedley,' she promised. 'You know I'll make sure she's well looked after.'

Mr Smedley fixed her with a stony look. 'Miss Marie Foret arrives tomorrow morning. Make sure that you're at the station to pick her up.'

'Yes, sir,' Cherri promised.

Cherri had no idea of what Marie Foret looked like. She scanned the early morning commuters closely, trying to guess which of the women might be her visitor. As soon as she saw the young woman wearing shiny knee length boots, with tanned, bare thighs displayed in a short denim skirt and a cropped top that was tight around the boobs she recognised her. The feeling was mutual because the young woman flashed her a friendly smile and came running over.

'Marie?' Cherri said, marvelling at the way they were dressed almost identically.

'Cherie!' the young woman exclaimed and kissed her quickly on the cheek.

Cherri relaxed. She knew that she and Marie were going to get on like a house on fire. Mr Smedley would have nothing to worry about; Marie would send back a glowing report to her father.

They chatted about the journey and the weather as they walked to Cherri's car. Marie was excited by her trip to England, and it was an excitement that was infectious as Cherri breathed the younger girl's scent and listened to her talk.

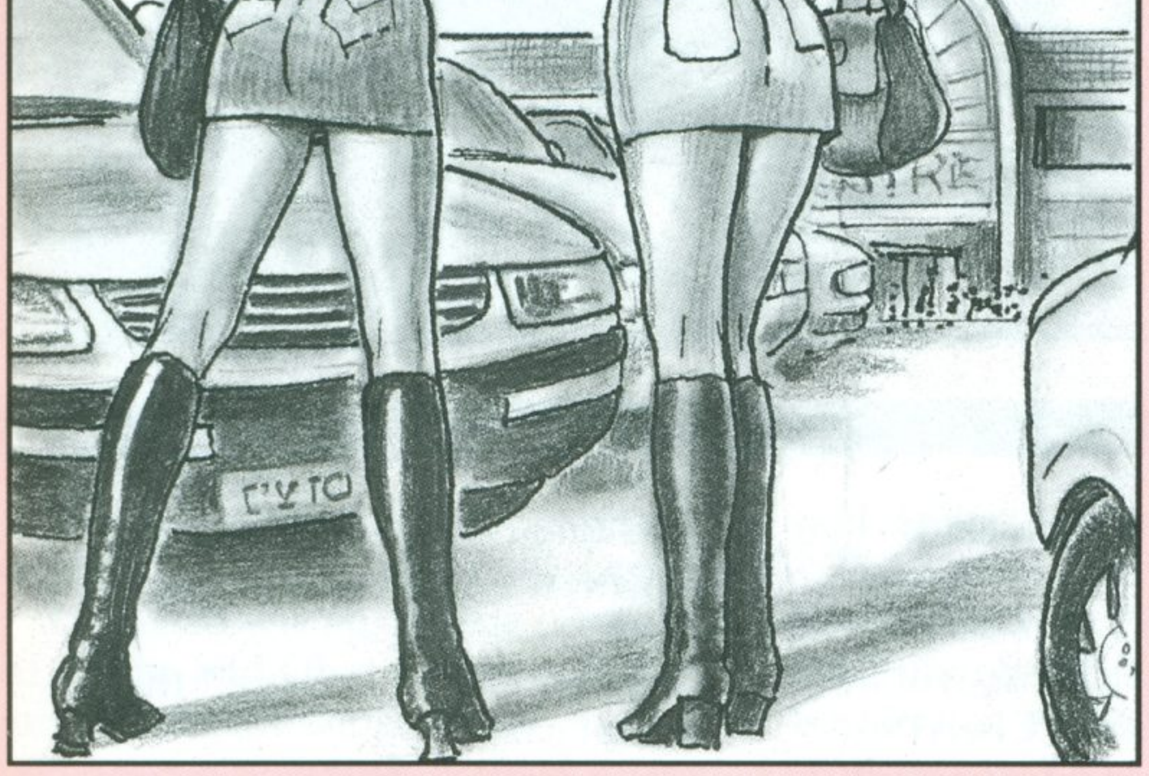
'Okay,' Cherri said, slipping into the driver's seat and then turning to face Marie, 'what do you fancy doing today?'

Marie swivelled round in her seat. Her skirt was even shorter than Cherri's and her tanned thighs looked smooth and enticing. The cropped top displayed her tummy and was moulded tightly around her breasts, with just a hint of nipple pressing against the white cotton.

'If you were in Paris,' Marie said, 'where would you go, Cherie? The Eiffel? The Louvre? The…'

Cherri shook her head. 'I'd go shopping!' she declared, thinking

# of Miss Cherri Bottom



back to her last trip to the Champs Elysées.

Marie laughed. 'Exactly! Le shopping!'

Mr Smedley had spoken about twin towns and doing PR, which probably meant that a trip to London was out. It was a shame of course, there were so many interesting boutiques near the West End, and lunch in Covent Garden would have been divine. However orders is orders, as they liked to say down in printing and distribution.

'I know,' Cherri decided, 'we'll try the Lakefield Park. You'll love it! It's a massive shopping complex out of town. There's everything you could possibly want there, and we can even grab a bite to eat. How does that sound?'

Marie giggled. 'My credit card is ready!' and then she leaned forward and planted a quick kiss on Cherri's lips.

Cherri's heart was suddenly racing. The feel of Marie's lips on hers was quite exciting in an odd kind of way. But then, she thought, the French are always kissing, aren't they?

The drive to Lakefield Park took less time than the long walk from the car park to the shopping centre. Luckily Marie was fascinated by the modern concrete and glass building which housed one of the biggest collections of shops and boutiques in the south of England. She stopped to look in wonder as they entered, the high ceiling was a complex of glass and steel which let the bright sun light stream through. Fountains sparkled in the light and the sound of running water was delightful.

'Where first?' Cherri asked, her purse suddenly itching for action. Of course it was a shopping trip for Marie, but there was nothing to say that she couldn't join in too.

There was no hesitation from Marie. 'Lingerie,' she said, and then when she saw the look of surprise on Cherri's face she smiled. 'Everyone knows that things are cheaper in England.'

There were half a dozen shops with good lingerie departments, but Cherri knew that the best place was on the fourth floor of the shopping centre. It sold nothing but the finest, sexiest things in satin, lace and silk. 'In that case, we need to go to the top,' she announced, pointing to the long escalator that dissected the building and took people from the ground floor to the top in one fell swoop.

They walked across to the escalator in unison, their heels banging hard on the marble floor. Cherri stepped onto the escalator first and then, only a second later Marie joined her. It was a steep ride and as they went higher and higher Cherri

delighted in leaning over the edge to stare at the wide expanse before them.

'You have such lovely long legs,' Marie sighed.

Cherri looked round and saw that Marie, who was a couple of steps below on the escalator, was looking directly at her legs. Her skirt was short and she realised that Marie could easily see up as far as her bottom. She smiled nervously, and then, much to her surprise, Marie reached out to touch her.

'Oh,' Cherri exclaimed as Marie ran her hand along the inside of Cherri's thigh and up under the skirt. Marie's hand stroked up and down for a moment, making Cherri blush.

'Lovely,' Marie sighed.

Cherri almost tripped when the escalator hit the top. She stumbled forward and then straightened up quickly.

'Where to?' Marie asked sweetly.

The boutique was almost empty and Marie swept into it as though she were entering heaven itself. She cooed delightedly as she examined the camisoles, bras, stockings, panties, suspender belts and more. The dour assistant, a matronly lady with no hint of a smile on her face, seemed less than impressed by her customers. Cherri followed on, glad that Marie was so obviously enjoying herself.

'We try these?' Marie finally said, having assembled a collection of items from various parts of the shop.

'In there,' the assistant snapped, pointing towards the changing rooms at the far corner of the shop.

'I'll wait here,' Cherri said, waiting outside the cubicle.

'No no no!' Marie insisted. 'This is much more fun!' she said, grabbing Cherri's arm and pulling her into the cubicle.

Before Cherri had time to complain Marie had pulled her flimsy top off and was undoing her denim skirt. In seconds the girl was naked but for her tight black boots. Her skin was tanned all over, from the curve of her bottom to the dark red of her nipples. There was no time for modesty, Cherri realised, as Marie slipped on a sexy black G-string.

'You like?' Marie asked, looking at herself critically in the mirror. The lacy black strip of material was pulled tight between her bottom cheeks, showing off the contours of her behind to best effect.

'It does look nice,' Cherri said.

'Does it feel nice?'

'Pardon?'

Marie laughed. 'My lover, will he like it?' she asked, taking Cherri's hand and putting it against her bottom. 'Does it feel nice?'

Cherri felt quite embarrassed to be stroking another girl's bottom, but Marie was being quite insistent. She moved her hand backwards and forwards, up and down, enjoying the feel of the other girl's backside. It did indeed feel very nice and for some reason it was beginning to make her feel quite hot. She glanced in the mirror and saw that Marie's nipples were beginning to grow harder.

'You like?' Marie repeated, a mischievous look in her eyes.

'Oh, er, yes, I like,' Cherri admitted, taking her hand away quickly.

Marie giggled and peeled the G-string off so that she could try on another pair of panties, and then another. Each time Cherri had to look and feel, and each time it made her feel more and more excited. And then Marie began to try on the bras, and Cherri trembled as she closed her fingers around the other girl's breasts.

And then Marie decided that it was Cherri's turn to try on the panties.

'Are you alright in there?' the assistant called.

'Oh,' Cherri sighed as she felt Marie's fingers stroke the moist warmth between her thighs.

'I said are you done?' the assistant called, her voice louder and angrier.

'We'd better go,' Cherri said, taking Marie's hands from her bottom.

Marie dressed quickly and then went to the counter to pay for everything that she'd bought as Cherri got dressed. Cherri was feeling very strange, but at least she felt sure that Mr Smedley would be pleased. After all she had everything in hand...

The shrill electronic scream of the alarm triggered as soon as Cherri and Marie walked out of the shop, arm in arm.

'I knew it!' cried the assistant, running over to grab both of the young women.

Cherri looked shocked. 'I'm sure there's been a mistake,' she exclaimed, her eyes wide with innocence.

'I've heard that before,' the assistant snapped. 'As soon as I set eyes

on the two of you I knew you'd be trouble.'

'This is all wrong,' Marie protested, as she and Cherri were pulled further into the shop.

The security guards arrived a moment later. Two burly looking men who glared angrily at the two women.

'We're terribly sorry…' Cherri started to say.

'You will be,' the first guard snapped. 'Come on, the security manager's office is just upstairs.'

The guards escorted Cherri and Marie up the concrete steps and into the cramped little office bearing a 'Security Staff Only' sign. A bank of television monitors occupied one wall, each screen featuring a different view of the shopping complex.

'Well well, what have we got here?'

Cherri turned to face a stern looking woman in a dark blue uniform. Her badge indicated that she was Security Manager and her eyes indicated that she was in no mood to listen to excuses.

'Merde,' Marie whispered.

'No,' came the reply, 'it's not murder, it's shop-lifting.'

'There's been a mistake,' Cherri said, trying on a nervous smile.

The security manageress shook her head decisively. She reached over to the bank of screens and pushed a button that ejected a video tape. 'Follow me,' she said.

Cherri and Marie followed her into a larger office that was dominated by a big black desk and beside it a large screen television and a video player. The manageress pushed the tape into the machine, rewound it a little and then pressed "play".

'Oh,' Cherri whispered, as she watched herself caressing Marie's pertly offered backside.

'Oh,' said Marie as she then watched herself gently squeeze Cherri's bottom.

'Oh indeed,' the manageress agreed. 'And look at this.'

Both the women watched as Cherri's hard nipples were stroked by Marie, and then, quite accidentally, the panties that Cherri had just taken off slipped into Cherri's bag.

'It was accidental,' Cherri protested.

'I'm sure the police won't agree. And I suppose the magistrate's going to want to watch the whole of this tape…'

'Oh,' the two young women said.

'There's another way,' the manageress said, switching off the video. 'It seems to me that what the two of you need is a lesson in right and wrong.'

'But…'

'Quiet!' the manageress snapped. 'Now either you do as I say or else you'll both end up in court. Is that clear?'

'Yes,' they both agreed.

'As I was saying,' the woman continued, 'a lesson in right and wrong. A lesson you'll not easily forget.'

'What sort of lesson?' Cherri asked.

The manageress smiled. 'Seeing as you've no objection to showing your backside to your friend, I'm sure you'll have no objection to dropping your skirt for me now.'

Marie looked shocked. 'But Madame, what are you saying?'

The manageress smiled. 'I'm saying that you two young ladies are going to be punished properly. You,' she said, pointing to Cherri, 'can go first. I want your skirt off and then you'll see what happens to bad girls.'

Cherri looked at Marie. What would Mr Smedley say? He'd be furious for sure. She sighed and

unhooked her skirt. It fell to the floor around her ankles to reveal her white cotton panties pulled tight between her bottom cheeks and rubbing deliciously against her pussy.

The manageress pulled her chair out from behind the desk and then sat down squarely in it. She motioned for Cherri to step forward and then grabbed her by the wrists.

'I don't want any struggling,' she warned.

Cherri was pulled across the woman's lap so that her bottom was raised high and her long legs were raised off the ground. Her face was colouring as she looked up and saw Marie staring with wide eyed fascination at what was going on.

'Oh,' Cherri said as her knickers were pulled down sharply. Her naked bottom was now fully exposed.

The manageress licked her lips and then raised her hand high. She brought it down again swiftly, the loud slap of sound resounding around the room as Cherri squealed. The sting was so sudden and she could feel her pale skin starting to colour red. The second stroke landed a moment later, the full force of it making Cherri's bottom quiver. In rapid succession six hard strokes came down, each of them imprinted like fire on Cherri's rounded bottom cheeks.

The spanking stopped as suddenly as it had begun. Cherri stood tentatively, her bottom blazed and the smarting sensation seemed to be spreading across the top of her thighs and down between her legs. She felt oddly excited again, especially when she turned and saw that Marie was still watching.

'Stand there,' the manageress instructed. 'I want you to put your hands on your head.'

Cherri stepped into the place that was pointed out. Her bottom was still naked but there was nothing else she could do. She stood with her hands on her head so that her chastised backside could be fully appreciated.

'And now it's your turn,' the manageress told Marie.

The young French woman made no complaint. She swallowed hard and unzipped her skirt and then she stepped into place. Her bottom was taut, pulled round as she went across the older woman's lap. When her panties were pulled down Cherri was treated to a view of her bottom and the dark hair between her thighs.

'Ouch!' Marie cried as the first hard stroke came down on her beautifully displayed derriere.

'Quiet or you'll get extra,' the manageress warned.

Marie squirmed and bit her tongue as several hard strokes were applied to her bottom. Soon the dark tan of her skin was a bright pink as more and more strokes came down.

'Please! Stop! Stop!' Marie cried finally, unable to stand the hard smacks that assailed her pert backside.

'Stop, shall I? And let you get away with it?' the manageress demanded.

'Please,' Cherri cried, 'we'll do what ever you want us to...'

The spanking stopped immediately. 'Will you now,' the manageress challenged.

Cherri's bottom was still smarting and she knew exactly how Marie felt across the other woman's lap. 'Yes,' she said, 'we'll do anything you like...'

Marie was allowed to stand. She came running to Cherri and wrapped her arms around her friend's shoulders. 'It hurts so much,' she complained.

'I'm sure it does,' the manageress said, standing up. 'Now it seems to me that you two girls have got one more lesson to learn now.'

Cherri and Marie turned to watch as the woman began to unbutton her uniform skirt. In seconds she was naked and the dark triangle between her thighs was fully exposed. She smiled at the two young women with their pink bottoms still on display. 'I think I deserve something for being so lenient,' she said quietly.

Marie dropped down onto her hands and knees even before Cherri had a chance to understand. She crawled forward, her punished bottom marked with the red imprint of her punishment. She inched forward and then began to kiss the other woman between the thighs.

'Oh,' Cherri said, realising that it was her turn next. ❑

SUBTEXT

SARAH VEITCH examines the language of CP lust.

'Pull your panties down for me, you naughty girl.' I wrote a similar line in a short story which I sent to a CP magazine. The editor bought it - but asked me to change 'panties' to 'knickers' throughout as he believed the latter would turn his readers on. I was happy to make the amendments he desired - he's a thoughtful and knowledgeable man who has spent his life enjoying corporal punishment. But it started me thinking about which CP words arouse most and why.

Personally I prefer the use of the word 'panties' or sometimes 'pants' to 'knickers'. The former two are more coy so serve to emphasise the eroticised shame of the female as she removes her most intimate garments to display her bare bottom to the dominant man. 'Pants' makes me think of pristine thin white cotton hugging apprehensive demi-virgin cheeks, an enticing picture. 'Knickers' on the other hand sounds coarser, conjures up an image of those horrid thick navy knickers which most of us wore in Primary School.

A dominant male friend agrees. 'Panties does it for me, suggesting something brief, intimate, sensuous. They sound diaphanous, clinging and utterly feminine, with alluring colours and frills.' As for the word pants? 'These sound too practical.' And knickers? 'Too sensible and thick, fit only to be pulled down and discarded.' He adds that 'The word fripperies almost does it, but is too twee. Briefs is quite sexy, though.'

Another male friend isn't quite convinced. 'Panties is too juvenile a term,' he says, 'I'm uncomfortable with anything that's little-girlish. 'Knickers has lost its heavy-bloomers-style Victorian image and is therefore now erotic. 'Briefs is my preferred option, though.'

An editor I know finds the word 'arse' too coarse when used in direct speech from the male character to the female. (As in 'I'm going to tan your arse until you've learned your lesson.') He prefers the word 'bum' which is less arousing to me. I asked a dominant male friend what he thought. He too didn't like the word 'bum' unless a girl was referring to it in dialogue. He added that 'Buttocks is more dispassionate than bottom. Arse gives an exciting feel of delicious rudeness: its coarse brazenness with the hint of its accessible hole makes it feel real. Rump is nice too, but only for slapping.'

A second dominant male had somewhat different views. 'Arse is too crude, bottom is a silly word, very schoolboyish - makes me think of the Rik Mayall series called Bottom rather than a glorious female backside. Bum is a horrid slangy word - bumming around, street bum, it's a crudity. Buttocks doesn't have any negative connotations but isn't very erotic. I prefer posterior if preceded by suitable adjectives like cute, little or delicately smooth.'

Huge differences of opinion, then, about the use of the word 'arse.' To me, its use emphasises the power differential which is at the heart of the CP mindset. Men still tend to use crude language more often than women so we can imagine the submissive blushing and biting her lip as she's told to prepare her arse for the reformatory rod. 'Bum' is less of a taboo word - after all, even the local newspaper advertises keep fit classes called Bums, Tums And Thighs.

Most British CP magazines and books discourage the use of the American word 'ass'. Admittedly it's not the most exciting way to describe the female bottom but it's widely used in real life so could make for a good starting point with the language becoming stronger as the punishment scenario intensifies. Thus the boss might say to his unpunctual trainee 'Get your ass through to my office and lay it over the desk.' Once there he could raise her skirt and pull down her panties murmuring 'I wish that I didn't have to bare this backside and leather it, but I've no alternative. Not when you've begged me not to issue a written reprimand.' Later still he can stroke the reddened bottom in question murmuring 'This arse is squirming all over the place when I told it to stay in situ. How many extra strokes do you think these naked small cheeks deserve?'

The issue of buttock size is also important when discussing the language of lust. Bottoms are usually described as 'small', 'taut' and often 'golden.' The words 'plump buttocks' can also arouse as you can imagine the jiggling effect. A curvy well-spanked bottom will look more dynamic as its owner completes a humbling punishment walk across the room.

So what shape should a fictitious submissive character's bottom be? 'Not petite, not skinny, peach-like, firm with substance, flawless,' says one man firmly. 'Makes you clench your teeth just to think of it!' he adds with a lustful grin. Another dom male comments

Trevor Watson

that 'average size to small is ideal - trim and pert. But comparisons with round sweet apples or succulent peaches should be possible. There should be a deep divide between each round, and the texture should be silky soft. ' All of the men I spoke to agreed on the importance of a velvet-smooth texture - so investment in a good body lotion will never be wasted if you're a submissive girl. That said, I've written elsewhere (FEBRUS 16) about how fiction wonderfully creates perfectly tanned and toned female buttocks but have said that men mustn't be too critical when dealing with we real life submissive's in the flesh!

People also have their preferences regarding the shade and type of punishment marks they want to read about. Personally I favour an over-all glow but one editor friend says he loves to see six distinct scarlet cane marks. Words like 'stripes' 'tramlines' and 'hot lines' do it for him. Another editor friend says that for recreational CP he favours 'a rosy sunset blush suffusing both buttocks with the overlapping marks of the palm, paddle, hairbrush, or strap showing up as a deeper red.' For punishment proper he favours 'clear outlines of the cane, slipper or other implements glowing across otherwise alabaster cheeks.'

'I like a fairly uniform spanking glow,' a third interviewee admits, 'And parallel lines accurately placed with the cane for a more severe punishment. On other occasions I like to read erotic fiction which involves a more frenzied cane attack.'

Before you mark a bottom you usually want to bare it. As this is a big part of the sexual arousal I like my fictitious submissive characters to favour the layered look. That way you can make the reader's anticipation build as the sub is told to raise her skirts and individually lift her petticoats before being ordered to pull down her protective pretty pants. A friend stressed that partial disrobing works best. 'Nightwear is always exciting to remove especially after a stern telling off. But it should not all come off. Pyjama trousers should be lowered, or her nightdress should be raised to expose the parts to be attended to.' He adds that 'this part modest/part glaringly exposed look is very exciting.' He's also aroused by 'the removal of uniforms/formal attire - stripping the wearer of their poise and authority and leaving them trembling and subservient. Also a female encased in leatherwear is wonderful to strip, peeling off the hard shiny carapace to expose the vulnerable softnesses beneath.'

'In real life I like my submissive to be dressed in a relatively short skirt hiding reasonably well-fitting and silky brightly-coloured knickers,' says another interviewee, 'She should have on hold-ups - not tights or suspenders. I like her to wear a bra and a reasonably tight-fitting T-shirt so that I can feel her entire body as I slowly take each garment off.'

The removal of clothes and the tanning of the arse was definitely a turn on - but were there any clear turn offs for male readers? 'Let's get rid of words like derriere unless there's a CP glossary accompanying the story!' one correspondent said drily, 'Oh and I hate the word pussy and any phrase that's olde worlde and schoolmasterish.' Personally I like olde worlde and schoolmasterly but agreed with another friend that the use of words like 'agony', 'anguish', 'pulsating mass' and 'welts' don't often work.

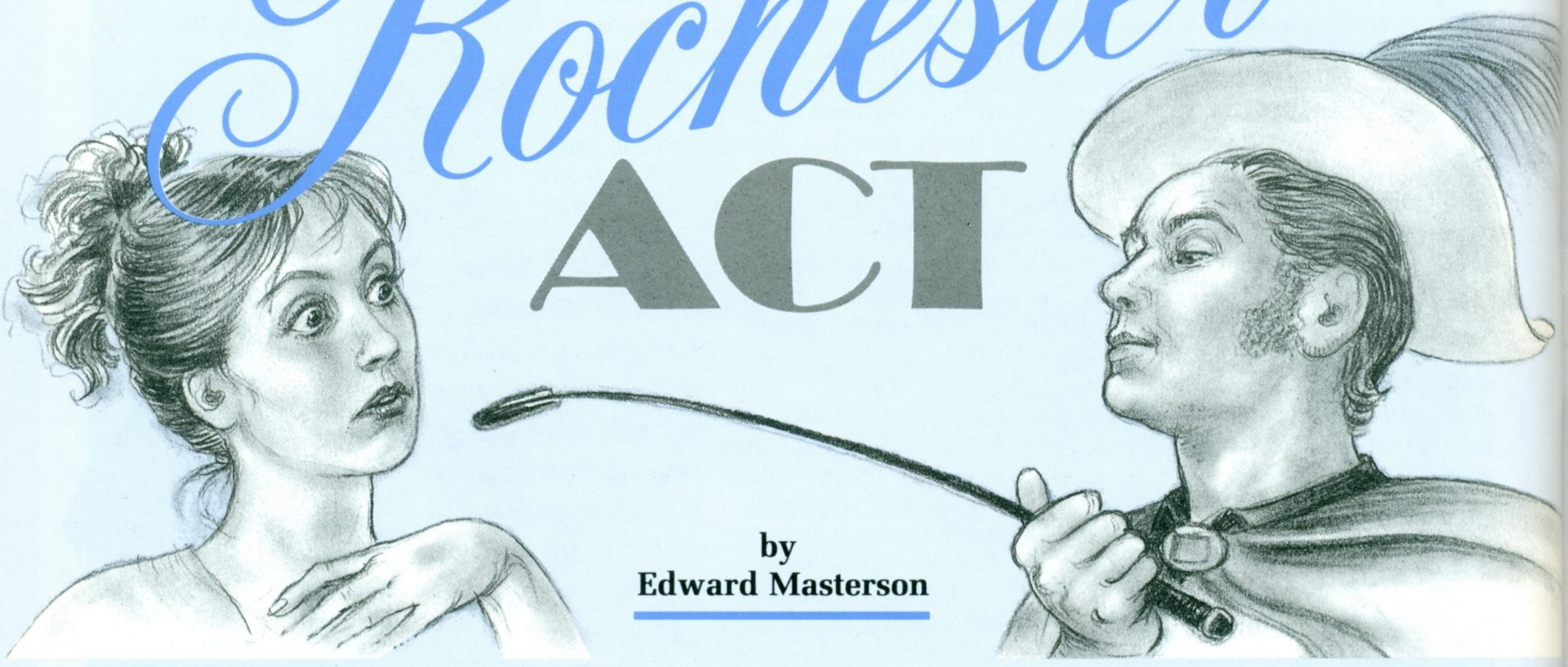
Men still tend to use crude language more often than women so we can imagine the submissive blushing and biting her lip as she's told to prepare her ARSE for the reformatory rod.

When it came to general turn-on words everyone liked the terms 'a good hiding, and ' a sound thrashing.' 'Bend over' was seen as highly evocative as were the sounds the submissive made such as 'pleading', 'wailing' 'begging' and so on. Action was seen to speak as loudly as words. 'Telling her to kiss the rod and ask forgiveness speaks volumes,' one friend said.

'I like to read about the submissive girl squirming and writhing,' another dominant male commented, 'And I love it when she gasps out ridiculous promises as she's being punished, such as 'Please sir - I'll do anything you want.'

One editor spoke for many, virtually providing a blueprint for how good punishment-for-pleasure writing should be. 'Stimulating CP fiction evokes a sense of beauty and intimacy, the receiving/giving of pain in varying degrees should create a lifelong emotional bond - be it love or hate - between the participants. However hard the fictional thrashing might be, it should be couched in sensitive, evocative words, finely tuned.' He went on to observe that 'Even a severe flogging with a birch should reflect intensity and overwhelming emotion along with the searing pain and cries of distress. Thus stimulating CP words have strength and force combined with subtlety and sensitivity.' ❑

THE *Rochester* ACT



by
Edward Masterson

I'm sure my heart did really skip a beat. He was in a far corner of the room talking to an adoring trio in neo-punk outfits and my attention was drawn to him by the incongruity of the group. The women had day-glo hair while Douglas was immaculately turned out in a pale blue blazer and twill slacks. Still the matinee idol, I thought, even though he was still my side of 30.

We had been at drama school together, but we seemed to be heading in totally different directions. I took classes in tap and voice while he had immersed himself in classical drama and Alexander technique. After we had qualified our careers had taken very different directions. In the last few years I had been mainly in the West End playing supporting roles in musicals. I had noticed Douglas's name coming up mainly in local rep productions of well-known plays - Shakespeare, Bernard Shaw, Ibsen and the occasional "Importance".

I sidled over to join the group. Gratifyingly he recognised me immediately and recollected my name, Arlene, without a moment's hesitation. Not that it was Douglas's style to come over all luvvie; he just seemed slightly taken aback to see me. It must have been all of 5 years and unfortunately we hadn't parted the best of friends. In short, a brief and unexpected final-term romance where he made all the running came to an equally unexpected end as I was swept off my feet by a director who promised me stardom.

However, that was all in the past. From our initial exchange of glances perhaps there might be something worth rekindling. He admitted he was currently unattached and, just like myself, not working. It had been several months since Douglas's last substantial part - a supporting role in a country house whodunnit - and he was clearly worried about going stale.

Well, to cut a long story short, we both had a few drinks and became inseparable for the rest of the evening. We shared a taxi ride, since we lived only a mile or so apart, during which the following exchange took place:

HE: This has been great fun, Arlene. Why don't we meet up again soon?

SHE: (with a sloshed attempt at coyness) Whatever for, Douglas my dear? Surely you don't still have designs on my body after all these years.

HE: (hastily) I was thinking more in terms of professional progress. We could try some improvised scenes together, work on character development, keep our hand in so that we're still fizzing for auditions. Good idea or not?

SHE: Not bad as far as it goes. What sort of scenes did you have in mind, bearing in mind that our repertoires do vary quite considerably?

HE: Mm, good point. I'm keen to try out something lighter, kind of extend my range. All I seem to be offered are naff parts where I strut about the stage looking woebegone or faintly chuffed depending on the turn of events. How I long for some contemporary drama, or something sensationally gothic or...

SHE: Douglas, this is where I live. Here's an idea I tried out once before with a girlfriend. Tomorrow evening I'll phone you. Whatever scene you're reading when the phone rings, that's what we'll use for our improvisation. What do you say?

HE: (aghast at my nonchalance or possibly that final glass of Bulgarian cabernet) What a splendid idea! You really are an amazing girl, Arlene.

Well, the girl escaped eventually with his phone number. And sure enough the following week we spent a very pleasant afternoon at my flat rehearsing a scene from some humorous novel about academic life. At least he thought it was a laugh. For me there were too many wordy diatribes and the female lead (played by me) was a man-hater with a sharp tongue. This was a part that stretched my native wit rather too far.

I had thoughtfully provided a bottle of Smirnoff as an aid to relaxation after our theatrical exertions - and possibly as a prelude to those of a different kind entirely. I decided it was needed much earlier in the scene. With a glass of

vodka and blackcurrant in hand I became much more at home in the part. Unfortunately, as experience should have taught me, one glass led to others. And improvisation somehow slipped into something much more personal as Douglas and I picked up the threads of the time we had spent apart. Of course we totally lost track of the time.

When Vera returned from her work at 5.45 precisely she became even more tight-lipped than usual - a facial feat I had thought impossible. True the living room furniture had been rearranged to suggest a fountain in a college quadrangle. But the idea had been to return the G-Plan and Casa Pupo to their exact locations before she returned. We had marked them on the stripped pine with crosses of sticky tape.

Douglas retreated in confusion, pursued by Vera's acid glare. We just had time to confirm that I should choose the next book and he would phone in two days' time. The same arrangement but this time at his place.

A rainy afternoon two days later saw me cradling a copy of **Jane Eyre** in one hand, sprawled over Vera's precious moquette cushions. I had arrived at the chapter where Jane begins her life as a governess at Thornfield Hall. The strange situation in which she found herself - the rambling Gothic house, the mysterious noises coming from the eccentric Grace Poole and above all the strange absence of her employer Mr Rochester - helped me to retreat into my own private world where I could identify readily with the heroine.

Despite the scene having finished it still felt like Charlotte Bronte's world where women must be compliant and men, in the most polished fashion, forceful and dominant.

Jane was just going out on a cold winter's afternoon to post a letter. As the sun is setting she comes across Mr Rochester who has suffered a fall from his horse on the icy road. Of course, neither has met the other before. She tries to calm the horse, but fails. So she has to take Rochester's weight on her shoulder as he limps over to remount. They talk briefly and he then points to the riding crop lying under the hedge where it had fallen. Jane goes over and hands it to him.

The phone rang.

SHE: (as if awaking from a dream) Who is it?

HE: Title and chapter please. No cheating now.

SHE: (after a moment's incomprehension) Douglas, you caught me in another country entirely. I'm reading Jane Eyre.

HE: (camping it up) My dear, Rochester's a role I would just kill for. You were definitely reading a scene where that angst-ridden hunk appears, weren't you?

SHE: I'll say. I just happen to be at the chapter where Jane and he meet for the first time. It's made for us, wouldn't you say?

HE: And how! I've always fancied myself in riding boots. I trust you can find something authentically early Victorian to wear?

SHE: (with a pout) Fear not, I shall make an entrance that will be quite unforgettable. I'm sure I've got some fake Laura Ashley number that will do.

HE: Good, I'll expect you mid-afternoon at The Wharf. Ring my bell and take the lift to the top floor.

SHE: (suggestively) Sounds "tres romantique". Looking forward to getting down to some serious work with you. We'll do the whole scene from the point where he falls off his horse.

HE: Can you find your way over here or shall I come and collect you?

SHE: Only if you arrive on horseback, Mr Rochester.

The next day was bright and clear. As I set out towards Douglas's penthouse overlooking the marina the sun was already sinking and I was glad I had brought a warm coat to cover my otherwise thin costume. Phrases from the description of Jane's winter walk ran through my mind. Odd since trees and hedgerows were in notably short supply in that part of town. The flat was part of a converted Victorian warehouse with an impressive stone frontage now warmly glowing in the reddening sun.

As I stepped from the lift at the top floor I undid the buttons of my winter coat and rearranged my Regency-style decolletage. This had been achieved with the use of a chiffon scarf tied under the bust instead of a bra. It would surely catch Douglas's eye the moment he opened the door.

Difficult to know whose jaw dropped the more when we confronted each other. For his part Douglas had somehow found a chestnut-coloured riding cloak and top boots which, taken with a canary yellow felt hat sporting a feather, made him the spitting image of Jane's saturnine employer Rochester.

He beckoned me in but did not take my coat. I was at first blinded by the ruby light pouring in through a series of small windows on the far wall. There was little furniture in the open plan apartment and this had been cleared away to leave a generous acting area. The dominant feature was a white cast-iron spiral staircase leading through a hole in the ceiling to an upper level. From this - presumably the bedroom - a faint light was already discernible.

I was curious to give Douglas's loft a thorough inspection but the poor soul seemed edgily impatient to get started. He kept sending nervous glances in the direction of the windows as if checking the state of the sun.

Both of us had marked the appropriate pages from which the scene would be improvised so there was no reason for not getting on with it. I would have preferred to block out the moves beforehand but already Douglas was stretched out on the stripped pine floor just as if he had been newly thrown from the saddle.

HE: (gritted teeth) Confound it, this is the very devil. What to do now?

SHE: (meekly) Are you injured sir?

HE: (indistinct mutterings to himself accompanied by grimaces of pain)

SHE: Can I do anything for you?

HE: (noticing her for the first time) You must stand to one side. (to the dog) Down, Pilot! (to himself) If only I can rest a moment on this stile.

SHE: (approaching nearer) If you are hurt or want help I can fetch someone from Thornfield Hall. I cannot think of leaving you alone at this hour, sir, till I see you are fit to mount your horse.

HE: I think you should be home yourself. Where in this neighbourhood do you reside?

SHE: Just below, the house with the battlements.

HE: (craftily) Oh, so you must know whose house it is?

SHE: Yes, it is Mr Rochester's but I have not yet met the owner.

HE: Can you tell me where he is perhaps?

SHE: No, but I am told by his ward that he will return any day now.

HE: (under his breath) Ahah, the governess. I think you may help me a little if you will be so kind. Could I perhaps lean on your shoulder to approach close enough to catch the horse's bridle? (rising) The animal seems in far better fettle than I.

SHE: Here, take my arm. I am stronger than you might imagine.

HE: (miming) Ah, at last I have the bridle. Now perhaps you could find the whip that flew from my hand. In the grass under the hedge (indicates the floor-length curtains).

SHE: (at the curtain where, to her surprise, there is a riding crop half hidden under it) Is this what you seek, sir?

At this point Douglas clapped his hands authoritatively and suggested we break. Still in his cloak, he poured us each a glass of wine and we drank, with mutually admiring glances at the wall-mirror. There were our new selves, a handsome couple, dramatically lit by the dying sun. Despite the scene having finished it still felt like Charlotte Bronte's world where women must be compliant and men, in the most polished fashion, forceful and dominant.

Looking down I could see the angry blotches where he had slapped me. Now they excited me, a sign that my body could express hurt and anguish. I felt a strange need to be taken further...

As this thought crossed my mind, Douglas slapped his impressive topboot with the "whip" just as I imagined Rochester would in a fit of impatience. He suggested we play an alternative version of the scene with Rochester as a more unprincipled character who has designs on a lone female in a remote place. One glass of wine doesn't usually make me so reckless, but I somehow felt quite safe with Douglas. So we tried it as he suggested.

Instantly Douglas became transformed, striding up and down (he seemed to have forgotten all about the original Rochester's sprained knee) and looking me up and down with smouldering eyes. It was a powerful performance. Minute by minute the room was becoming gloomier as the sun sank below the horizon. I cowered in fairly authentic terror as Jane, hoping to appeal to "Rochester's" better nature by my eminent good sense.

Out of the shadows he strode towards me, grabbed me round the waist and with only token protest I found myself dragged towards the spiral staircase now bathed in ghostly luminescence from above. I felt more and more like Jane than my usual self. These thoughts were rudely interrupted as Douglas with a flourish removed the loosely tied scarf and, in almost the same movement, lifted the dress over my head.

I gasped at this unexpected turn of events, managing only a feeble "Fie, sir!" or something equally unimaginative. My arms instinctively crossed in truly Jane-like modesty across my chest. Douglas came towards me flourishing the mauve chiffon and, as if in a dream, I watched him drape it over my wrists. As we approached the spiral staircase I thought I knew where we were going next.

But I was quite wrong. Instead of climbing to the upper level, I was now tied by the sash (in of all things a bow) to an upright of the corkscrew stairwell. Rochester appeared to have me at his mercy, until, that is, such time as I decided to slip out of the mock bonds.

ARLENE (or is it JANE?): What's happening, Douglas? Are we rehearsing for a porno film, or what? What does this lead to? (inconsequentially) I need more direction...

DOUGLAS/ROCHESTER: Be silent, Jane, and listen. Through pressure of distant business I was unable to interview you when you applied for the position. Now I intend to remedy that omission.

ARLENE: What exactly are you on about?

ROCHESTER: (darkly) Listen to me madam. I am, after all, your employer and it is my ward you have in your care. I am concerned that Adele should be firmly kept in hand so that her education is sound.

ARLENE/JANE: (catching a glimpse of herself in a mirror, standing naked except for bikini pants in a shaft of silver light) Why have you tied me to this tree, Douglas? It's a staircase anyway... sir.

ROCHESTER: Now watch closely, Jane. If you ever find my ward inattentive to her lesson, this is what you must do. (At this point Rochester slaps Jane smartly a few times on the outside of her thighs.)

JANE: (recovering quickly and rather smugly) Well, sir, I foresee I will have no difficulty in administering this reprimand.

ROCHESTER: But this is just the beginning, Jane. My ward, I hear, makes frequent grammatical errors because of her French upbringing. This may be pardonable in a mere child, but now she is to be prepared for her place in society such lapses are less and less to be tolerated. I trust you will note this most particularly.

JANE: I will, sir. And what form of punishment, do you consider, should I give Adele for this crime against society? (ARLENE adds under her breath: This is ridiculous. What am I doing?)

ROCHESTER: You did well to ask, Jane. I hope I can take this opportunity to teach you how the discipline should become more severe. It must be given to her on the hindquarters. Forgive me but I must speak plainly on this matter, Jane.

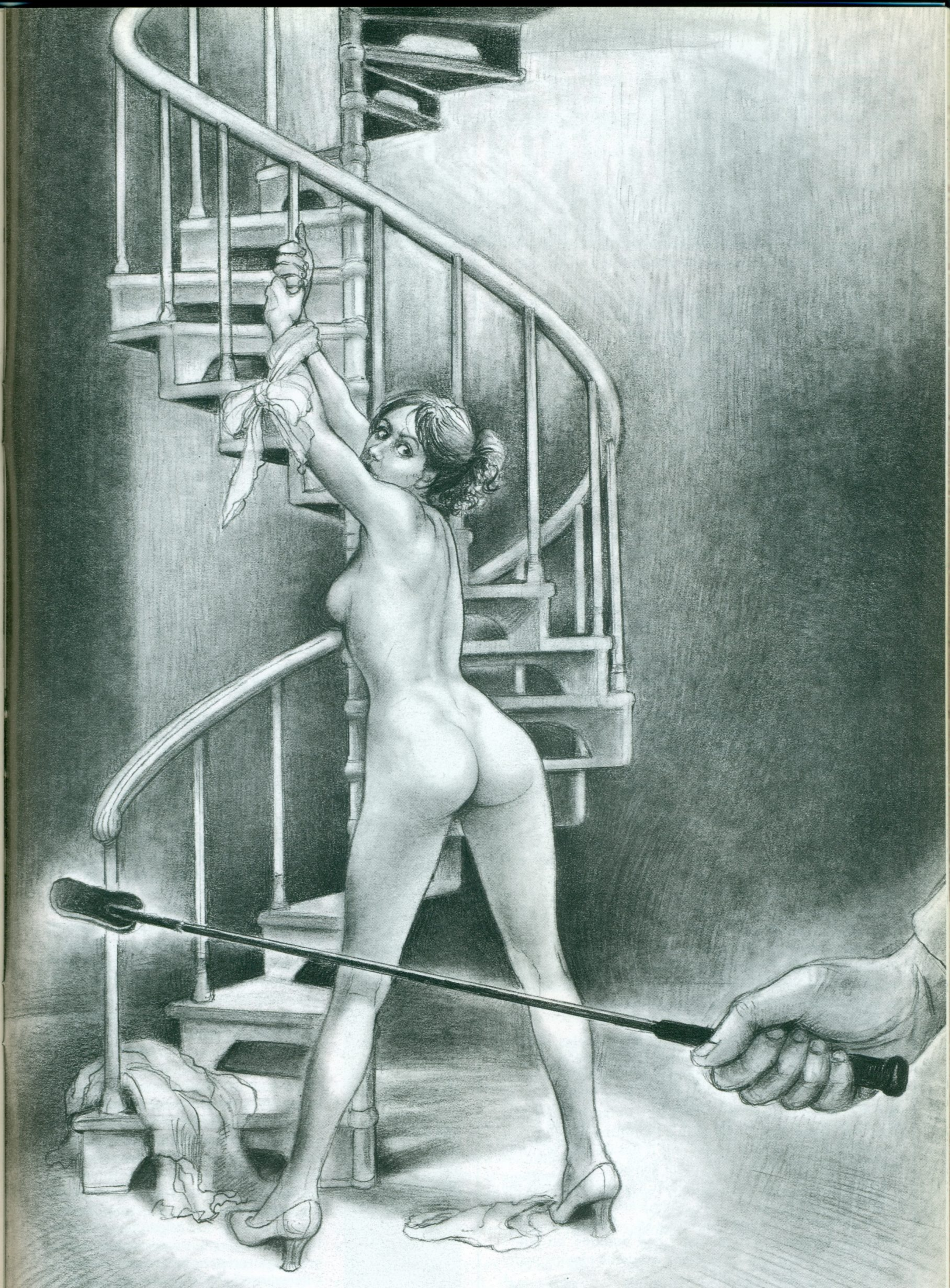
JANE/ARLENE: I begin to understand, sir. But surely you don't intend to make a governess submit to such humiliation here in this lonely place? (Douglas, I'm warning you!)

DOUGLAS/ROCHESTER: (melodramatic) Madam, I must insist you yourself receive the same punishment in order to learn this lesson well. It is essential that you experience a caning in the flesh. I am surprised that you are so uninformed about this aspect of maintaining discipline in the young. A lesson from me may stay longer in your mind. Now submit, Jane.

I wasn't entirely sure what would come next. I'd heard of women enjoying corporal punishment from a partner, but I'd never dreamed of letting anyone actually do it to me. Now I was faced with the choice. Either I free myself by untying the scarf or I let Mr Rochester have his way. Would he really do it? Why did I say Rochester when I meant Douglas?

My mind was made up quickly. Douglas /Rochester put a warm hand on my shoulder and ran one finger down my spine. In a second I was tingling. Looking down I could see the angry blotches where he had slapped me. Now they excited me, a sign that my body could express hurt and anguish. I felt a strange need to be taken further, up to the point where I existed only in the intense pain passing from him to me. In such suffering Jane would surely discover the truth of her feelings.

The next thing I felt was a finger hooked in the flimsy elastic of the bikini pants and down they slipped. I had become wet and increasingly aroused - at the real prospect


Paula '97

of intense pain or through a process of auto-suggestion as if I were building up a new role based on Jane? A thought that I had no leisure to muse on as Douglas subtly but firmly eased my hips away from the ironwork of the corkscrew stair. My back was arched and my cheeks made more prominent.

During this manoeuvre I felt the pants fall to my ankles. Instinctively I (or Jane) stepped out of them. Douglas instructed me to spread my legs more (Could this still be Rochester speaking?) I heard him removing the cloak and then a whistle as he tested the riding whip in the air. I shivered.

He came closer and ran one hand lightly over my buttocks, pausing just fractionally in the cleft. The tingling spread more intensely. I knew what was to come, yet all I could feel was half-eager and half-fearful anticipation.

There was a pause and I stole a quick glance over one shoulder at my image in the wall mirror. I was entranced at the figure so strikingly lit from above: quite a stage picture. I was beginning to admire my finer points, enhanced in the dramatic shaft of light and shadow when I noticed out of the corner of my eye Douglas's arm upraised. The crop quivered in his hand.

Despite this forewarning the first stroke caught me unawares and Rochester followed it with a second one a very few seconds later. When I called out, 'Douglas' he only muttered 'Stay in character, Jane' and slapped his boot with some ferocity.

By number 3 (for which he graciously allowed a pause of some 10 seconds) I could feel the heat spreading particularly on the right cheek which was taking the brunt. After six I begged him (as Jane) to use the left hand. A mistake, as I had forgotten that Douglas (or Rochester) was left-handed! He had begun with his weaker arm out of pity, he informed me.

He also quizzed me whether I was taking in this lesson, and whether I could recite exactly which youthful crimes deserved this punishment. Jane had to think quickly if this was not to go on for ever. She still received a further six before the lesson was learnt. For the last two or three my stomach was pressed hard against the wrought iron uprights in a futile attempt to reduce the ferocity of the stinging sensation.

But, to my surprise, Jane never cried out (although she certainly bit her lip and made a soundless scream or two) and she never thought of "releasing" herself. She had to submit by nature to Rochester as her employer and also for his strength of will which was bent on her mastery.

At last there was the twelfth. I heard the knock of Rochester's "whip" falling on the bare floor. Then a figure was beside me untying the chiffon scarf and supporting me as my legs seemed unable to do anything quite so basic any more.

To my relief the figure was recognisably Douglas, despite the topboots. He cradled me in his arms crooning words of endearment and comfort, saying that this was a fantasy he'd dreamed of acting out with me. He'd planned it so that the sunset would form a backdrop to our role playing. Then we kissed deeply and with a mounting passion.

I was once again in a dream and it led up that winding stair and into the light of the room above.

I noticed that, ever the gentleman, Douglas allowed me to go first. His eyes, I'm sure, were feasting on the angry redness emanating from my buttocks. And still visible were the 12 proud stripes that I had endured on Jane's behalf. This was a part I was sure I would be playing many times, both on stage and off. ❑

'What do people get out of this spanking lark, then?'

One day I will learn that it doesn't pay to mention one's predilections to strangers at parties. The trouble is that I don't like lying and if someone asks me what I do for a living I generally end up telling them about the magazines (with a rueful smile, challenging stare or flirtatious pout, depending on the anticipated - or desired - response).

I've written before about some of the ways non-participants react to the subject of spanking and related activities. Some are crass, some misguided, some seek genuine enlightenment. "What do people get out of it?" verges on the philosophical in comparison with some of the inanities I have endured. Think about it: we know what it feels like to give or receive a spanking; we know about power and sexual politics; we understand about liberation through role play or reconciliation from catharsis. We accept that different people have different needs and expectations, but is there some common core of experience or emotional gratification that can be identified?

Having set myself to musing on the topic, my conclusion is that it's a gestalt experience, with all the senses being involved and creating something that incorporates and exceeds them all. If I expand on this thought, I have to mention that both participants (or all of them if it's a more social occasion) share the whole phenomenon as well as enjoying their own, unique sensual experiences.

Touch. Well, that's fairly straightforward: the punisher feels the soft buttock flesh of the punishee yielding and quivering beneath their palm. As it grows warmer, the texture changes, tautening or puckering, perhaps swelling a little after a prolonged session. If an implement has been used rather than a hand, the resulting stripes or weals will be crying out to be stroked, for their textures to be explored by firm, curious fingertips. The buttocks feel the weight of the striking palm landing and driving into them. The air is cool, the hand is hot; from the initial touch on the skin's surface the warmth travels through the pneumatic flesh and is absorbed into less easily identified places until there is nothing but a pervasive heat growing ever stronger inside and out somewhere between navel and thigh

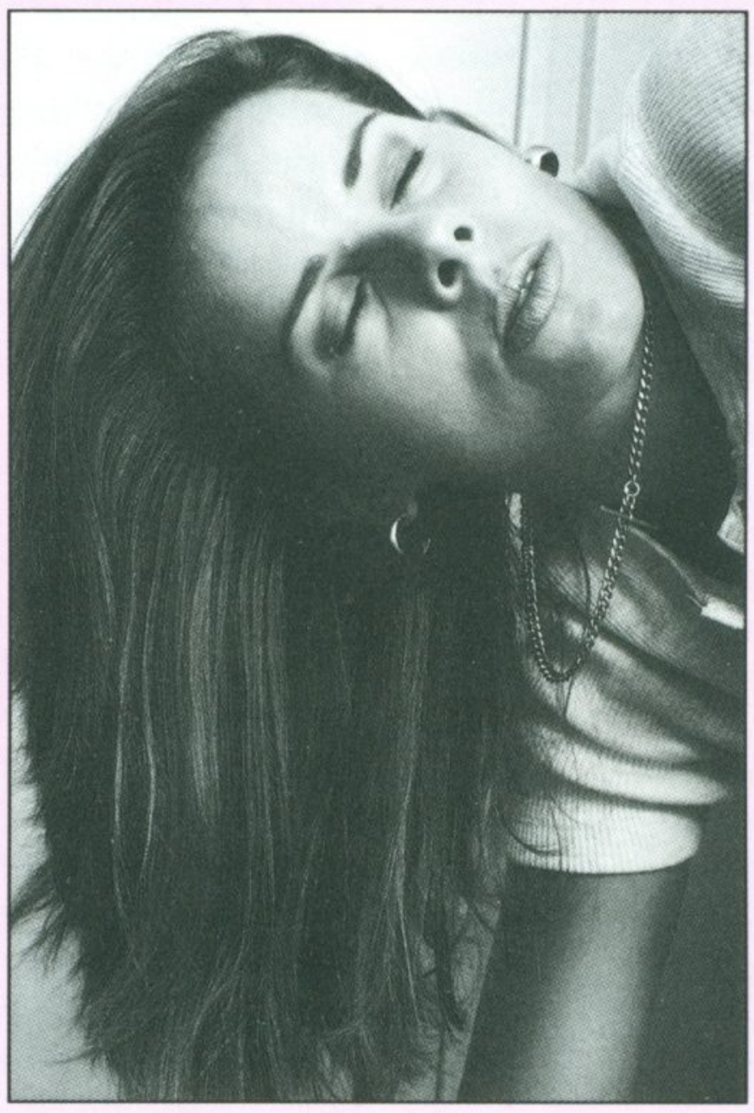
SENSE AND SENSITIVITY

by Julie Holmes

tops. A cane or strap will impart sharper sensations, concentrating the mind on the exact point of contact and the ensuing "slicing" sensation as the pain travels to areas its imparter cannot reach.

Taste. Taste? Oh, yes, most definitely. Having delivered a sound spanking (or caning or strapping or whatever), an exploration of the area with the tongue can be most gratifying. Using the tip, the furrowed lines from a cane can be appreciated in all their subtlety: the sueded edges, the smooth inner track, the dry and the moist. The flat of the tongue lapping over a newly strapped or spanked expanse will appreciate the variations in temperature, experience the saltiness of the fine film of perspiration that is barely visible to the eye between the arid punishment marks. And for the recipient there is a host of tastes if only she will take the time to consider them. Her mouth will be dry from her wailing protests, the air tangible on her tongue and throat. If she has been draped across her chastiser's lap, the taste of his trouser fabric will be evident; if she was bent over the arm of a sofa, an assortment of tastes from its material and the debris of its inhabitants will have invaded her mouth as she bared her teeth and begged for forgiveness. More than anything, though, she will become aware of the taste of her own skin: without realising it, she will have bitten and sucked on her fingers, the side of her hand or even her fist as she tried to be stoical, to stifle her cries or just seek an atavistic comfort to ease her ordeal.

Smell. Such an under-rated sense! If only people would take the time to breathe and concentrate for a second or two, their appreciation of even the most mundane activity would be enhanced many times over - and less routine experiences would gain a whole new dimension. Imagine the scene: a girl is bent over, grasping her ankles, legs straight and feet about shoulder-width apart. Her naked bottom bears three distinct broad scarlet bands and the strap is raised ready to deliver a fourth. It is a warm summer's day and through the slightly open window comes a mixture of hot traffic fumes and sweet garden scents. Despite its age, the strap is still redolent with its own leather odour which it leaves in a trail on the air as it makes its journey to the the delectable nates. Sun-kissed and strap-licked skin has a very distinctive smell, a heady personal perfume that can intoxicate anyone with a mind to contemplate it. And there is another dimension: this girl is willingly baring herself for her chastisement, has relished it and engineered the entire sit-



uation: yes, it hurts, but it also excites - and this excitement causes a pheromonic orchestration that strikes her punisher and causes a very primitive, involuntary response. Nose close to the floor, meanwhile, the young woman is aware of the traffic, garden and leather smells and also the mundane domestic odours emanating from the carpet. She is unaffected by her own scent, although a slight dampness warns her that she may indeed be relaying other signs of her arousal.

Sound. So important, and so difficult to express in text. Each implement has its own musical signature, each voice its own pitch and vocabulary. You have to be there, as they say. The slap of the palm against a naked buttock, the whistle of a cane slicing the air before impacting on resisting flesh, the hiss of a martinet's thongs before they shower onto a back or thigh, the businesslike buzz of a two-tongued tawse travelling to impart its double thwack on awaiting trepidacious nates.... All or any of these, followed by the grunts, the mewlings, the sobs, the pleadings of their recipient. Everything else is blocked out: there is no traffic, no birdsong, no radio; the only significant sounds in the universe are those of the trajectory, impact and response. For the miscreant there may be two other aural inputs: the voice of her master berating and commanding her and a persistent dialogue running through her head that she cannot give voice to.

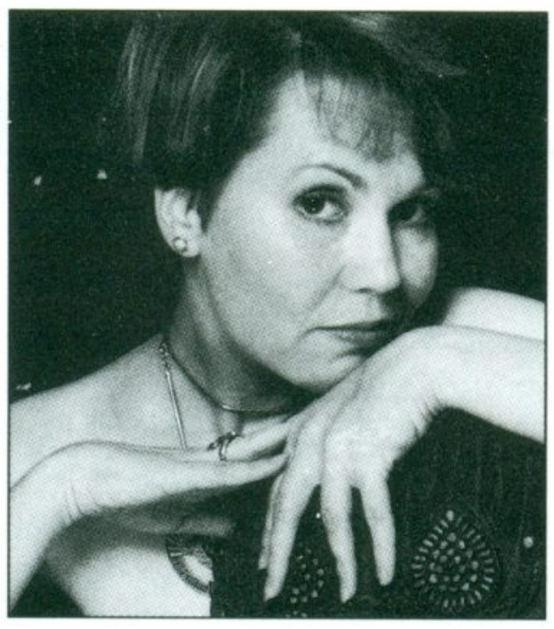
Sight. Well, what can I say? Just flick thorough the pages of this magazine to see the visual delights that greet the punisher. Bare bottoms; clothed, disrobing or naked women; pouting mouths; moist eyes; submissive poses; unmarked flesh changing hue; softness yielding to the hardness of a male palm or the severity of the rod. And the punishee? She sees the caring strictness of her master; she sees the tools of correction about to be used; bent over touching her toes, she may see the act of delivery; arranged in front of a mirror she can watch her master's expression and her own responses. Afterwards they can share the experience of posing her in front of a mirror and admiring her punishment marks, intimacy growing from their observations.

The other thing. The gestalt bit; a sixth sense; the part that cannot be defined, that combines all the other senses and takes discipline devotees to another place that defies description. You either go there or you don't.

'What do people get out of this spanking lark, then?'

What can I say? How can I explain it? 'I don't know,' I reply. 'I just write the stuff.' Oh, what a cop out! ❑

Paula's Letterbox



Despite my having completely forgotten to announce that "The Janus Collection" had arrived, it seems that you have none the less still managed to get hold of it. For four months at the end of last year I had been telling you 'It's coming! It's coming!' Like a build-up to the opening of a special new movie. Then in January it did finally appear, but did you see any mention of it in these pages? No. Not a word. Sorry about that.

Thank you for your appreciative letters this month. I have been quite spoilt with all the attention I'm getting, and I'm enjoying every minute of it.

Now over to you...

Paula

I'm Not a Sadist!

With *Februs* 18 you must have achieved something unique. I can't imagine that any other magazine, anywhere, anytime, has been on public sale with the editors bare backside displayed on the cover! And though, in the turbulent history of Journalism many editors have probably been thrashed, only *Februs* would show us the editorial chastisement taking place, even if only in simulated form.

I read Julie Holmes' article with great interest and sympathy. The idea that because a woman enjoys pain inflicted by certain methods in special circumstances she must need to be turned on by being hurt in any way is so infuriatingly ignorant and unfair! So is the notion that an interest in one variation of sexual pleasure implies a fascination with the whole spectrum... How the devil do we make those not "in the scene" comprehend that it's not just a question of hurting or being hurt. That there's a whole fascinating sub-culture to understand?

The problem is bad enough for the "takers" like Julie. It's worse for the givers like myself. I enjoy inflicting corporal punishment on adult, cooperative partners of the opposite sex. There may sometimes be a degree of understandable reluctance in the cooperation, but there's always the option to say, 'Forget it!' and walk away. However, in the simplistic language of pop psychology this classifies me as a sadist. A term also applied to the degenerates who torture animals, the brutes who cripple their own children, the thugs who kick a frail pensioner to death. I reject kinship with such vermin, I accept no comparison with them.

God preserve us from the media image of the "flagellant" as a whipcracking weirdo in black leather, studs and high-heeled boots! Almost every aspect of my life is boringly conventional and low-key - I once overheard a former employer describing me to a client as 'the mildest of men,' but, yes, I like to inflict pain on certain people in certain ways. If I may put this on a personal level, Paula, I should like to put you across my knee and spank you soundly with hand, slipper or hairbrush. I would like to order you to bend over a table while I give you a dozen with the tawse, to touch your toes so that I can raise scorching weals across your delightful bottom with the cane. You will not be offended by this; you know what kind of man reads *Februs*, and how natural such desires are to him. But - the idea of hurting you in other ways repels me. I could not bring myself for example, to burn you with a cigarette, or stick a needle in you, or even strike you with a closed fist. There would be no pleasure in it, no sexual frisson. It would simply be an act of pointless nastiness. 'But what's the difference?' bleats the uncomprehending outsider - and how do you explain?

Perhaps I could give an example from my own experience. I think back to an occasion when a pretty young lady of 22 called Jenny was lying facedown and bare-bottomed across the foot of her bed while I stood behind her holding a cane. I wasn't giving her a full-blooded six or twelve of the best. I was rather "spanking" her with the cane, giving her quick, flicking strokes, not really punishing individually but building up a state of acute dis-

comfort in her shapely rear, stinging enough to make her gasp and wriggle, with the occasional yelp when a harder stroke than usual landed, pausing after every five or six flicks to teasingly stroke the cane across her pink little bum and let her enjoy the pleasures of anticipation before the cane started to sting again. She knew from experience that this was going to continue for several minutes and I knew that Jenny was usually very good about taking her punishment without trying to avoid or delay it.

So, it took me by surprise when, just as one of the harder strokes was descending, she put her right hand over her bottom, palm down. The cane gave her a sharp crack across the knuckles and Jenny snatched her hand away and yelled, but stayed in position. Upon which I dropped the cane, went to my knees beside her and put my arm round her shoulders, apologising quite genuinely and sincerely for hurting her! I knew perfectly well that she already had a pretty sore bottom which I intended to make sorer, but the blow on her hand was quite different. The whack on the knuckles has never been part of my punishment repertoire, I would not have done it on purpose, and to do it by accident honestly shocked me. It was rather an absurd situation really, with me trying to comfort Jenny and Jenny, when the pain of her bruised fingers had faded a little, assuring me that it was all right, it didn't matter. So I stood up, picked up the cane, and carried on where I'd left off. Eventually, when her wriggling bottom had reached the desired state of glowing-throbbing sensitivity, I laid the cane aside and asked her as usual whether I should finish off with six hard strokes of the tawse or whether she'd rather have a good spanking. As usual, she decided on the spanking, and as usual I made a thorough job of it, so that poor Jenny was boo-hooing quite pathetically as her cane-tender bum was smacked very soundly for about five minutes. And yet, I had been really sorry about hurting her hand!

On the subject of pain, I must take issue with the letter from M.A.W. He seems to have the idea that you can spank a woman without hurting her. You can, but what's the point? It's like saying you enjoy swimming so long as you can keep all your clothes on. A playful spanking is one thing. You pull a girl across your knee because she doesn't know when to stop teasing, or simply out of mutual high spirits, and you give her ten or twelve quick smacks on the seat of skirt or trousers, not with any real intention to hurt but to let the brief indignity be a warning or a thrill according to circumstances. But when the warm, full, firm curves of feminine buttocks are bared for correction, when the lady is submissively waiting to take what's coming to her, then it should hurt and it must hurt, or you are insulting the victim by subjecting her to humiliation without giving her the catharsis of pain. It's clear that the girls at the spanking parties which M.A.W. attends (lucky man!) are quite prepared to accept greater severity. Why disappoint the little darlings?

And pain, of course, is reacted to in different ways. One may respect, without particularly liking, the stoic lady who grits her teeth, keeps still and suffers in silence. I prefer to see and hear the results of punishment! How do you respond to chastisement, Paula? The photographs suggest that you do at least emit the odd squeal. Do you yell when the paddle whacks your bare bottom? Do you plead when your caned buttocks are desperately hot and sore and you are waiting for the next stroke to land? When you've had your backside well and truly tanned,do you have a good cry? I can't be the only one who would like to know.

Yours,

Christopher

Paula's reply: My response to chastisement varies according to my mood and the situation. If I am being observed I generally like to maintain a rather stoical appearance so as not to let the side down, and when there is an audience I seem to be able to draw the strength to do this. However, when being spanked or caned in private I have been known to emit more than the "odd squeal". Sometimes I make a frightful fuss, particularly if I happen to have had a frustrating or tiring week; then my emotions will come bubbling up to the surface and if the spanking gets too excruciating, (it can be just as painful as the cane if your chastiser knows your sensitive areas) I do find tears welling up in my eyes. This seldom happens, but when it does, it brings a marvellous release from all tension.

Praise to the Editor

As always you delivered full satisfaction for your readers in your feature "The Editorial Position". (I'm not sure the classicists who uttered the phrase, 'it is always necessary for the artist to suffer for the sake of their Art,' would have had your situation in mind but, oh, how sweet and appropriate the phrase when applied to you as an artist of CP! I must compliment you on your figure and appearance as you are just as appealing, attractive, sexy, vulnerable and just as willing to offer up your bottom for firmly applied CP as you always have in your previous JANUS appearances. The two photos, firstly on p.24 with your hands almost flat to the floor, and the second on p.26 with you stretched on tip-toe over the chair are the perfect representation of the submissive female form for which the "team" of yourself the photographer and the Editor should be commended. The photo of you holding the broken chair with a facial expression best described as flustered is a peach. The mental picture it stimulates is of you doing your best to balance at full stretch over the chair, wriggling and writhing under the full force of the martinet causing the chair to break is a satisfying one. All in all the sheer quality of the whole feature really places it as one of the best I have ever seen.

Continuing on the theme of congratulations your personal anthology *The Janus Collection* is a superb compilation of your earlier contributions in one document which is a real "must" for collectors and admirers, such as myself. I appreciate that the idea has already been used by Mr S.B. in *Februs* 16 (incidentally if you look at my name at the end of the letter you will see that my initials are also S.B. which always means Smacking Bottoms to me, and the number of contributors with these initials is always a matter of intrigue to me) but I would suggest to you that you recreate the french-maid illustration on p.3 of your personal anthology just as a one-off photo (as this would enable you to escape without the contribution of the Janus editor). The photo of yourself on p.4 of the anthology when compared to those in *Februs* 18 prove that you would be perfect in bringing your own illustration "to life". Doubtless you would bring your own interpretation of the facial expression to be captured in the mirror. As for the female in the background my nomination would be "Carolyn Pett" whose glimpsed and blurred appearances in *Februs* 18 are so tantalising and sexy.

S.B.

In Praise of the Birch

I am sorry that I haven't been reading *Februs* recently, for

Letters

there is nothing more tempting. I love it and I think that it must have a readership whose abilities, as well as their bottoms, are widely spread. This is really an appeal for help.

Canes, paddles, tawses and whips are all fine, and they have one thing in common. They are obtainable. Birches, on the other hand, are hard to get, which is a pity because birches are good for bums - including mine. In fact I want the birch all the time. The difficulty is shortage of suitable trees and the limited life of a birch due to dessication. They seldom last more than 36 strokes untreated.

They are best made when the trees are just about to bud. You cut the twigs from 3ft 6ins to 2ft 9ins lengths; sterilise; put them head down in a deep jug of strong salted water for three days, and then bind them up in sevens or nines with the longest in the middle. Keep them in a damp cloth until a bare bottom is presented for chastisement. You should stand well back so that it does not curl round the thigh. Ideally the buttocks should be deeply bent and parted so that the birch can find its way, in the case of a man to the back of his testes, in the case of a woman to lips. In both cases, of course, the anus should be touched.

This sort of birch may last up to 48 strokes or even beyond, as long as it is kept damp. It scatters bits all over the place as all birches do, and consequently is best used outside in a yard or secluded wood.

Now, this is a seasonal instrument, but some of us like to be birched all the year round. Can anyone think of something which really resembles a birch's distinctive character, but which can be made to last? Can some industrial chemist perhaps devise a plastic or acrylic birch which is really (rather than apparently) like the real thing?

I shall be only too happy to bend over for trials, especially if she will.

Charles

Free At Last

I am, in a way, surprised to be writing this letter at all, for reasons which will become obvious, but I thought I should write to thank you.

In the house I was brought up in, sex was not talked about at all and when love scenes came on the television, my parents always got very embarrassed and turned the TV off. So much of what I learned was from my own imagination and latterly from the odd sexy film seen when living away at University.

Not having people to talk to about sex made me think some of the thoughts running around in my head were very depraved, especially seeing the attitude of wider society to sexual issues in general.

So for many years, I fought against my thoughts and fantasies, trying to suppress and destroy them. They kept coming back. From the time of my earliest sexual awakening most of my fantasies seemed to centre on the image of a kneeling woman being loved from behind. I occasionally thought about whipping or spanking the girl first, (only if she was willing) but considered myself depraved and tried to destroy the thought. I tried to convince myself it was a madness that would go away. It didn't.

Then, by chance, I picked up a copy of *Februs* No 2. It was one of the most beautiful things I have ever read, especially the first story.

I began to relax with my thoughts. I have since read *Februs* 7, 8 and 10 and Janus 109 and 111. In *Februs* 8 there is a story, (beautifully illustrated with line drawings by yourself) in which, at the end, the wife says, 'I love you, darling,' to her husband, then he canes her and they make love. I hope one day to be married to such a wonderful woman as that character.

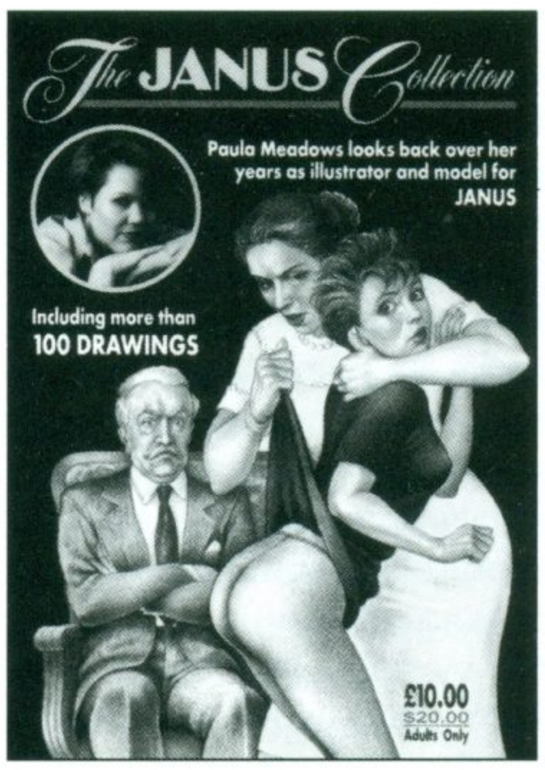
I accept myself as I am. The image of the immaculately dressed lady, on her knees waiting for her punishment willingly, is an image of great beauty (possibly the most beautiful of all).

Thank you for my liberation. Best wishes to you and your magazine.

Yours sincerely,

T.S.

Number One Fan



I would like to thank you for giving us, your readers, *The Janus Collection*, A Personal Anthology by Paula Meadows. I loved every page of it and thought it was excellent value for money.

I liked the general chronological layout of all the drawings, the photographs, the autobiographical details and the reflection of the scripts of the authors who inspired you. The layout was brilliant in its simplicity.

I liked the frequent use of the cane on the bare bottom and the realistic cane marks across both cheeks. My favourite instrument is the cane, so you scored heavily there, and I just love the beautiful curvature of the bottoms you draw.

The dynamic feeling of action that you generate is quite remarkable. For example, the cane landing and bending across the bottoms of the girl on the top of page 11, together with the spontaneous lifting of her left heel, the agony on her face and the smug satisfaction on the face of the caner are truly dramatic and full of life.

I liked the fun in the face of the girl in "Head and Tail" who laughs as the old gentleman's wig is blown off in the wind. The expression on her face is not as full of fun when her mum pulls her knickers down for a good spanking.

Angela, the girl on the bottom right of page 21 purses her lips in a kiss and really seems to be enjoying the cane. One can really feel that cane bouncing off her bottom. An observer witnesses 'his first real life caning,' says the script.

One of the best and most emotive drawings in the book is of the girl whose skirt blows in the wind showing a perfect set of cane marks. She looks terribly embarrassed as she tries in vain to hold her skirt down (page 23). And what a pretty bottom!

I am also glad that Paula also chose a very good selection of photographs which help us to know her better. There is a charming portrait on the front page and a happy, confident smiling face on page 4 which shows her working on a birching drawing. Page 4 also shows Paula bending over the back of a chair with her lovely, pert round bottom quite bare. Her face looks curious about what might happen but not unduly worried. By contrast, page 5 shows rather an anxious face and tension in clenched fists. I wonder if that photo was taken before or after the event.

Some of the most exciting items in *The Janus Collection* are Paula's autobiographical references. They give a delightful insight into her very personal feelings and help to give an answer to the intriguing question of how it might come about that such

a lovely, well educated girl would genuinely like to be spanked and caned. Paula's amazingly frank comments provide a remarkable link between her life's work as an actress, model, film star, writer and editor, not to mention her work as an artist and painter. To be quite serious one can consider *The Janus Collection* as an important psychosexual document of Paula's life.

M.A.W

Paula's reply: Thank you for your appreciative letter. I'm afraid I had to cut it down considerably because of lack of space, but I was cheered to know that the collection gave you so much pleasure.

A Spanking Good Read

Recently a lady friend of mine presented me with a copy of a Black Lace paperback called CONTINUUM: written by Portia Da Costa. Now although I've purchased many of the Nexus paperbacks, I've always given Black Lace a miss. The reason being I always thought they were written by women for women; but this certainly is not the case. Continuum is a very well written and an entertaining read, and I feel it is my duty to inform your readers of its existence.

Continuum covers a variety of situations that I am sure all like minded readers will enjoy. Portia Da Costa's heroine, Joanna, finds herself in many erotic situations where she discovers the submissive part of her character. Without going into detail and risk spoiling the read, there are many scenes that contain spankings administered by both male & female along with scenes of voyeurism and submissiveness. Do not miss it....

Cliff,
Edgware

Paula's reply: I'm glad you like the work of this author as she is none other than our own Delaney Silver whose short story 'Japanese Boy' appears in this issue.

SUBLIME PROPORTIONS

Whatever quality it is that makes a girl eminently spankable, this model certainly has it, according to M.A.W. who has kindly sent me these photos.

He singled out Sheena from the pages of Janus 62 and praises the exquisitely 'beautiful curvature of her bottom and well defined gluteal folds'.

Do any other readers have an absolute favourite? Someone who exemplifies that special quality of "spankability". If so, why not share her with us, provided that the lady in question has no objection of course!

Letters

Nun Unknown

I am writing to you as a long admirer of your artistic skills and knowledge in your chosen domain, with an enquiry that may interest you.

Specifically, I wonder if you could help me trace the origin of the attached artwork? It appeared some time ago in 'Thy Rod and Staff' by Edward Anthony, but with no attribution beyond saying it was sixteenth-century German. The photocopied and slightly blown-up reproduction does it no favours, but one imagines the original must be quite a telling piece of work (to my untutored eye possibly a lithograph and maybe part of a series), and, as they say, "drawn from the life". It is very tempting to weave a story round it even now, illustrated by your good self perhaps...

The other odd thing it depicts is the use of a dried pig's bladder as the instrument of correction; presumably this was customary at the time. It was clearly applied to "fesses nues", so must have stung rather than bruised the recipient, but its unwieldy nature, large surface area (and wind resistance?) must have deprived it of much of its punitive effectiveness on the recipient. At all events, the nun in the picture does not appear too put out, while the way she is spreading her bare buttocks (comme elle deride ses fesses!) suggests the experience may not have been totally unpleasurable.

Any help you can give most gratefully received.

D.V.
Reading

Paula's reply: I will try to find out all I can about this intriguing print. Maybe one of our readers could help?

Waitress Service

In issue no 15 of your marvellous mag: I described a picture of a 17th century society lady holding up the back of her skirt to have her bare buttocks birched. That was at Strassbourg. Now for a picture dealer's window in London. The picture seems, judging by the clothes, to date from about 1900. Three handsome and fashionable ladies are in a Parisian or possibly Antwerp cafe. A waitress in black dress, white cap and apron has just brought their coffee. The room is a large one: there are people, mostly women, seated at other tables and there are mirrors at intervals along the wall. The three ladies table is set almost sideways to the beholder, and they are not looking at him: nor would one expect them to be doing so, for their waitress has raised her skirts and is showing them her naked bottom, which they are inspecting with some excitement. The skin is very pale and has four scarlet welts right across it from thigh to thigh. These welts are the sort made by a steel-cored leather whip, and you can just see that the most prominent of the three women, perhaps the hostess, seems to have such a thing dangling by a loop from her wrist. I imagine that she is introducing her friends to the subject, and that the waitress has a private room somewhere behind the scenes. In Antwerp she would certainly have done.

The picture is a print. Has any other reader seen a copy? and if so, who was the artist?

I suppose that other people enjoy this kind of art as much as I do. I was thinking of C's suggestion, in the same issue, of an exhibition of bottoms in art. Have you got any further with it? If not, darling Paula, bend over!

Yours,

Charles

Paula's reply: Dear Charles, please don't be over hasty in chastising me. I don't really have a great deal of time for new projects at the moment as I am busy organising a collection of my own illustrations to be published later this year by the Erotic Print Society, London. They specialise in beautifully produced erotic artwork from different periods. At Christmas I was given a copy of one of their lovely little books, entitled 'The Illustrated Book of Bottoms' by Oliver Maitland. This is a personal collection of glorious bottoms of varying shapes and sizes, chosen from erotic art from different periods and countries, focusing on the buttocks as arousing and sensual in lovemaking, rather than their presentation for chastisement. However, we would all make different choices, would we not!

How many of us, I wonder, used to gaze at art books when we were too young to go out and buy magazines, and be aware of strange frissons connected with certain images. The messages were frequently ambiguous: suffering saints with ecstatic sensual faces, naughty cherubs, with rude pouting little bottoms. One of my favourite erotic images was of Michelangelo's sculpture 'The Dying Slave', and when I look at it now I see why. He's not dying at all; he's just about to have an orgasm!

If you would like to write to us, please address your letter to:-

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